Ypsilanti Commercial.

VOL. XIX, NO. 19. YPSILANTI, MICH., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 8, 1882. WHOLE NO. 955.

SPRING ARRIVALS!

IN OUR

Custom Tailoring

DEPARTMENT

We say without any hesitation there is not to be found in the County a Handsomer or Larger line of Fine Imported and American Suitings than is to be seen on our tables, and no pains will be spared to make First Class Work in every particular. We have associated with us as Cutter, Mr. J. G. TerHaar, of Kalamazoo, who will be pleased to see you.

C. S. WORTLEY & BRO.

— MOTHERS —

We specially invite you to inspect our Boys' and Children's Suits. They were made expressly to our order, in different Qualities and Fabrics and in the most Attractive Styles.

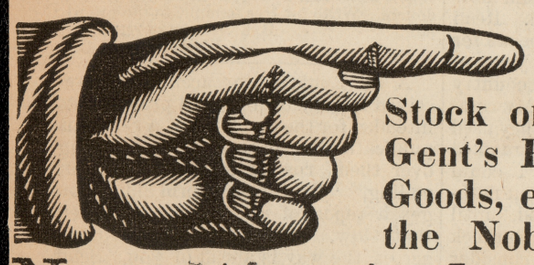
IN OUR

YOUNG MEN'S

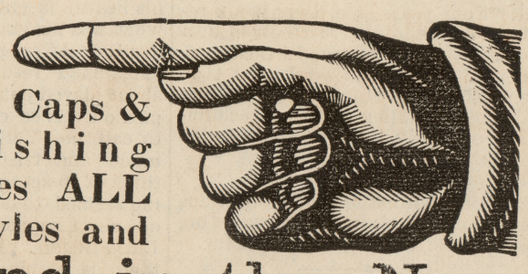
Department, Everything we offer is Entirely New this Spring. Stylish Cut. Beautifully Made.

We have a Full Line of Spring Overcoats.

Our stock of Men's Fine Suits, Diagonal Coats and Vests and Business Suits is larger than any Season since we commenced the Clothing Business.



OUR Stock of Hats, Caps & Gent's Furnishing Goods, embraces ALL the Nobby Styles and Novelties to be found in the New York Market.



We tender to our Friends thanks for past favors, and wishing to increase our Sales over any previous year, we have made our PRICES SO LOW that they will Attract Attention. All Goods marked in Plain Figures.

C. S. WORTLEY & BRO.

Local Matters.

SATURDAY, July 8, 1882.

Rev. Mr. Seabreaze of Flint, conducts the services at St Luke's to-morrow.

E. W. Grant's patents on rubber buckets and car couplings loom up.

Take your milk to the cheese factory and exchange for prime cheeses.

Harry Boutell and Will Platt got a ducking the Fourth.

The Ypsilanti school teachers have flocked home, a nice place to enjoy their vacation.

A little son of Mr. C. M. Harris shot him self through the hand the Fourth with a toy pistol.

Michigan wools are quoted at Boston x and above at 39 to 41 cts. No. 1 42 to 44 cts. No. 2 and common 30 to 36 cts. Sold last week 33000 lbs.

Several young people went over the lower paper mill dam the Fourth. A young gentleman and a couple of girls needed a change of dress.

THE INEVITABLE.—The payment of taxes. Call at Hemphill & Batchelder's bank and ease yourselves of the burden.

The Festival at the Presbyterian parsonage the Fourth was a great success, both in the numbers present, the socialities of the occasion and in pecuniary receipts.

Dr. Megan had a fair audience and gave a fine address last Sunday, on Worden's lawn. The Dr. in a temperance speech strikes ten every time. His heart and soul is in it.

Mr. D. L. Quirk sent up a number of sky rockets and showed a few nice pieces of fire works, the evening of the Fourth which amused the children very much.

The usual terrible accidents from the pesty fire-cracker and little pop-guns the Fourth. Eyes and noses, hands, arms and legs suffered. Parents who allow their children to handle these things deserve the punishment they get. But pity the innocents.

C. R. Whitman's Fourth of July oration at St. John's was a masterly effort in defence of a broad and comprehensive education. He eulogized the American system of public schools, a free education the basis of a free republic. Did not seem to take much stock in sectarianism.

A fire broke out in Grant's factory in the engine room Thursday afternoon. If it had got the start there would have been a big blaze. The Firemen were on their taps as usual. But before they got to work, the fire was extinguished by Mr. Grant's hose and pails of water. The damage only about $100.

W. H. Roberts & Bro. formerly of Salem, have decided to make Ypsilanti their head quarters for the manufacture of Myre's double dash churn. The work will be done in Seth Mereness shop, (Grant's factory.) They claim that the churn is first class. We want manufacturers who mean business. Robert & Bro. say, that is their motto.

For example, of all the printing for the schools at the close of the year, not a cents worth was allowed to come to this office.—*Sentinel.*

It is very natural to send the printing to parties who are not eternally growling about the school, parties who have children in the school and pay the taxes. But then we have only done a part of the printing.

All day the Fourth Mr. David Smith, living on Forest Ave., east, had a presentment that something was going to happen before night. He delivered ice in the morning, and in the afternoon went fishing, but his mind was uneasy all day. When rowing home he was informed that his little boy James had been seriously hurt. In company with other boys James had gone to the turn table, near the L. S. and M. S. Railroad shops to play, and in some manner was caught, and his left arm injured so as to necessitate amputation above the elbow, and the flesh on the instep of the left foot was badly torn, Drs. Owen and Kinne were called. Mr. Smith has our sympathy, having lost his wife a few years since. The boy was especially dear to him having been under his care since a babe, James is nearly seven years old.

An unhappy circumstance has occured to mar the peace of Dr. J. L. Palmer, Superior. His daughter in the neighborhood of 14 years old and motherless has been living with a lady in Detroit. Not long since she came to live with her father. A neighboring woman seems to have exerted an undue and bad influence upon the girl. A few days since she came to the city and using her father's name without his knowledge purchased a number of dollars worth of goods. They are in a trunk and in possesion of the merchant from whom purchased. It is a sorry matter for both parent and child. We have the letter addressed by the daughter to her father, totally unfit for publication. A girl that would write such a letter ought to be in the girls reform school at Adrian. She is now stopping with a citizen in Superior. Is it inborn or bad bringing up? Poor motherless girl. She needs pity, sympathy and religious influence, and if nought else avails the protecting arm of the law.

We have some Seminary items which came in too late, and necessarily left over until next week.

The vestry of St. Lukes are adding $500 to the parsonage by removing the front fence and inside row of trees.

A. J. Leetch and Clark Wortley are puting in brick front walks. The brick comes from Jackson and looks superb.

W. H. Talcott orated at Belleville in place of Col. Sylvester Larned who was advertised for Bellville and Port Huron.

Unclaimed letters June 6th, 1882: T. J. Forest; J. E. Fair; John Sixt; Harry Sweet; Mrs. Margaret Smith; Mrs. Chas. Smith.

Our thanks are due Hendricks the gardner, for a fine lot of new potatoes, early Ohio variety. Hail the mules if you want good large sized potatoes.

The A. M. E. Sunday school give a lawn social at the residence of Mrs. Posey, Adams Street, Wednesday evening next. Proceeds for the benefit of the Sunday school fund.

CARD.—I would like to express my thanks to the Cornwell Fire Co. and other citizens who assisted to extinguish the fire at my factory on Thursday the 6th, inst.

MARY B. GRANT.

One of the most successful amateur entertainments ever given in this city, took place last week Friday evening under the auspices of the "Ladies' Library" of which we are all as citizens so justly proud. The variety of the program and the perfection of each detail was evidently appreciated by the enthusiastic audience.

A lawn social will be held at the residence of J. F. McIntire's, Tuesday evening July 11th, under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Club. Admission to grounds 5c. Ice cream and cake 10c. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

At a recent meeting of the Directors of the Ladies' Library Association the following resolution was passed:

That our sincere thanks are due Profs. Pease and George, Mr. Kimball, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs, Tyler, Miss Pease, and all who assisted the young ladies and misses at their recent entertainment under the auspices of our association. That we wish particularly to thank the "Broom and "Fan Drill," Capt. Bowen also, who kindly gave his services in drilling, and Mrs. J. F. Sanders, the chairman of our special entertainment committee, who is to be congratulated upon her ability to plan and so successfully carry out a program that has given such general satisfaction to all.

A GOOD RECORD.

From the Michigan Christian Advocate.

Col. George W. Lee, of Ypsilanti, whose recent death came as a surprise to many of his friends, is worthy of more than a passing mention in the columns of the Advocate. His position in public life, and his record as a citizen, a christian, and philanthropist, were such as justly to entitle his memory to a tribute of kindly recognition and regard on the part of all who knew him. Col. Lee first attracted notice as a merchaut in the village of Howell. There his integrity, his interest in all public questions his large and generous hospitality, and his liberality, won him general respect and esteem. His superior business sagacity, and public spiritedness, as well as his prominence in the Republican party, brought him to the front in the war of the rebellion, and he was appointed, by the unsolicited recommendation of his peers, to the office of Quartermaster of the State of Michigan. In this capacity he had entire charge of the equipment and transportation of the State troops, and in the execution of his duties, handled millions of money, and rendered incalcuable service by his prompt, just and sagacious administration. In this office he acquitted himself with such singular ability and fidelity, as to justify the confidence reposed in him, and every cent of public money that passed through his hands was accounted for, and no conception of private emolument seemed ever to have influenced him in any transaction. His final reckoning was delayed for months, when it might have been closed by a small payment, in lieu of vouchers which it was difficult to secure; but he scorned the idea, and presevered till the last voucher was secured, and his administration completely vindicated. He then returned to his private business, until the affairs of the Indian Agency in this State seemed to require some more efficient management, when, upon the suggestion of some of our leading layman, he was appointed to that position. The writer vividly recalls the complication which existed in regard to the office, and the power which his name exerted in settling all further solicitude; and though advanced in life and beset with infirmity, he has managed this difficult office with the least friction it has ever had, and to complete satisfaction. Col. Lee had a high order of manhood. He was self made, having enjoyed but the most meager early opportunities, but he had steadily grown in intelligence and breadth of capacity. He was modest and unassuming, and acknowledged no rank or title more honorable than honest manhood. His religious profession even, was held in abeyance till the fruits of his faith and devotion became apparent to all who knew him. He was free from what was termed petty vices, and lived above any suspicion. Throughout his life he has been a firm, consistant advocate of temperance, and in later years an ardent prohibitionist. His domestic relations were of the happiest order, and the large and well-selected library has stood to him and his estimable and intelligent companion in lieu of the amusements and companies of the world. We have not the particulars of his latest religious utterances, but shall with pleasure insert any that friends may desire; but they are not required to substantiate his religious character and prospects. Col. Lee had been for about twenty-five years a member of the M. E. church.

The following pupils in the Grammar Department of the Normal School have not been absent or tardy during the term ending June 23, 1882: Gertie Woodard, Nora Murphy, Lucile Watling, Hattie Swift, Harry Thompson, Joshua Milton, Eunie Lambie, Forest Ebling, Rannie George.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO VISIT OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Having had the pleasure during the last two weeks of visiting the schools of the city, and having in each been present at an examination of the classes in music, we desire to make a statement of our impressions of what we have seen and heard. It is a common opinion and hence a common saying, that music is the blindest of studies. There are those it is true, who seem to evade its mysteries, and by a sort of intuition, leap almost at once to a mastery of the subject. To such music is fascinating, and its study and unfolding become an inspiration. Every thing else must give place to music; more than anything else it charms and fills them, and in the pleasures it affords, all its difficulties are forgotten. But these are exceptional cases. With the many it is not so. They take up the study of music as any other task, and music tasks them as nothing else does. The daily sound of humdrum lessons is endured while school discipline enforces it, abandoned as soon as the pupil escapes from the school room. There remains as the net result of years of so called musical instruction the ability to sing indifferently the most common music, or to torture an opera for the amusement of those not more cultivated than themselves, and the supreme disgust of those who are. But enough of this only leads us to say that results so imperfect suggest that means are wrong, or illy adapted to the object sought.

The opinion is known to be common among so called, or self called teachers of music, that children cannot be expected to read by note, or master the construction and transposition of scales? Acting on this theory, nothing is attempted beyond singing by rote. A few special exercises are conned, and a few showy pieces are prepared by constant repetition for the stage, and a wondering audience is surprised and charmed by the apparent proficiency of a class whose actual knowledge of music is all exhausted in a single dress prarade exhibition.

Another class of teachers, more ambitious, cram the mind and load the memory of the pupil with technical phrases and definitions far in advance of his actual knowledge or of any oppportunity he has for their practical application. The natural result is confusion of ideas, then discouragement, and disgust with the whole subject. Evidently the science has not been presented to the mind of the learner in its proper order, nor by proper methods. It is hardly needful to say that competent musicians are not made by either mode of teaching above referred to.

In our round of school visiting we have found primary class of pupils from five to ten years of age prepared to go to the black board, construct their own staff and place upon it at the dictation of any one, any number of measures of notes, placed at intervals the most awkward and unnatural, and then with no assistance save giving the proper pitch, sing the exercise forward and backward, striking every note, however unusual and different the skips, with a boldness and accuracy worthy of trained professors, beating the time as well, with mechanical accuracy.

Other classes, a little farther advanced, prepare the staff, properly indicate upon it the movement, or kind of time, and then write any scale in flats or sharps which one may call for, tell on what letter the scale begins, what letters are sharped or flatted in the given scale, place the sharps or flats on the proper letters, and sing the exercise. Considering the age of these pupils, the short time which they have given to music, and the prompt and accurate character of their responses, writing and singing the tasks assigned them by the teacher or ourselves, we were both surprised and delighted.

We deem these extempore exercises to be really a much sharper test of the learner's actual independent knowledge, than the more finished and pleasing performances of the concert room. The latter may be mere rote, the result of drill upon and repetition of a special lesson, the former cannot. The concert room may show only training and culture, the black board exercise shows the pupils real knowledge of the subject. Here is no place for mere imitation. If the pupil does not know what is asked of him, he must fail. But in every case coming under our observation, the evidence of knowledge was too clear for dispute. To our own minds several things are clearly established by our investigation.

1st. That a mode of instruction has been in use which every pupil can apprehend.

2nd. That the order of presenting the subject of music has been such as to arouse the enthusiasm of the pupils in the study, because it has just brought to their notice facts and principles which they can understand, and at once apply.

3rd. The pupil is made to master each step in the science while he has it in hand, and before he is allowed to consider another.

4th. The progress of the class is secured from that of the slowest pupil in it, so that none are left half taught.

5th. Theory is every day reduced to practice, so that pupils are not required to commit to memory a lot of stuff whose usefulness, if it has any, is not apparent to them.

6th. What we witnessed in all the classes showed special aptness and great painstaking on the part of the teacher. Without these, no system of instruction could have shown so good results.

7th. We believe the system used in these classes by Prof. E. M. Foote is philosophically the most correct and common sense we have seen in practice, that he is master of it and thoroughly in sympathy with it, and that in his hands it is working out most valuable results in our schools. We believe good policy demands that the means be supplied, and the good work so well begun, pushed forward. We trust those responsible for the management of school affairs will take no step backward in this department.

Ypsilanti June 24th. 1882.

D. B. GREENE.
E. P. ALLEN.
E. B. DRUBY.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

Co., is to have a new building and the auditors are looking around for a site.

Prof. T. C. Garner Superintendent of the Fenton public schools has just died. He was buried by Sir Knights on Saturday.

All is not lovely among the Allegan newspaper men. Morgan of the Tribune this week threshed Newnham of the Democrat.

John Copland, Jr. only son of the well-known Detroit cracker manufacturer, committed suicide by drowning in Chocolay river near Marquette. Copland went up to the Superior region on the Japan arriving at Marquette this week Monday.

Robert and William McFadden, were arrested at Mt. Clemens, on charge of wholesale cattle stealing. The cattle were stolen from Daniel C. Lewis and others, near Capac, and numbered 16. The owners came, identified and took charge of their stock, and the thieves will be held for trial.

An employe in the manufacturing company at Mt. Clemens, Adam Aisler, while working at an emery wheel alone, was killed by the bursting of the wheel, and subsequently found cold, his skull fractured by the fragment.

For enticing from home and marrying a girl under 16 years of age, Edwin Huff, of Hillsdale, is sentenced to fourteen months in the Ionia House of Correction.

A parasite called the rosebug is doing much damage in Lenawee county.

While Chas. Rarick of Kalamo was shearing sheep the animal kicked the shears. The point of the shears entered the ball of the eye permanently blinding Mr. Rarick.

Edw. Huff of Hillsdale, has been convicted of enticing a girl under 16 years of age to marry him, and was sentenced to the House of Correction for fourteen months.

Hallock's drug store in Detroit was burglarized on Friday morning. The safe was blown open and $235 stolen, notwithstanding the family reside in the building. The explosion attracted attention but the robbing was so well planned that the thieves got away.

Three Rivers is to have a $12,000 bridge over the St. Joseph river.

Rev. Z. Grenell, jr. has recently been honored by the title of D.D., and now his church the First Baptist, Detroit, honor him with an increase of salary: $3,000 a year.

A ten-year old son of John Worth, Oscoda, shot a little boy, seven years old, named Meade, with a toy pistol. The little fellow lived but ten minutes. Young Worth claimed that a ball cartridge mixed with blanks caused the accident.

Nine conductors on Michigan railroads have received notice that their services are not needed. It is stated preceding the resignations Pinkertons detectives had been riding on Michigan railroads quite extensively.

Mrs. Nettie Barnard, who was charged with the murder of Mrs. Curtis at Lapeer about a year and a half ago has applied for a divorce from E. P. Barnard on the ground of cruelty; that since her trial for murder, of which she was acquitted, her husband has ceased to live with her, and the fact that he does not live with her causes people to believe that he believes her guilty of the crime of which she was accused. Besides this he fails to provide her with any means of support. She also avers that she has sought work, but people look upon her suspiciously and will not help her.

Some citizens of Allegan wishing to celebrate the hanging of Guiteau built a bonfire in the center of the village. A barrel of gasoline was thrown on. The lighter struck his match some 20 feet distant. At once a flame leaped across the street, and the heap was lifted with a terrific explosion, the glass in the adjacent buildings was broken with a crash, and half a dozen men were more or less seriously injured. One man was struck by a piece of glass, which cut a deep gash four inches long, in his back. About $200 damages was done to glass alone.

The new fruit-dryer factory at Lansing is booming, Over $5,000 worth of orders are in and 20 men constantly at work. The wheelbarrow factory is also working about 45 men.

An old apiarist states that consumers may look for a large quantity of artificial honey in market this season, for the late, cold spring had deprived the bees of bloom, and many bee-keepers have been obliged to feed their bees. It is now so late that they will hardly get enough honey to keep them through the winter.

The senate bill for a bridge over the Sault te Marie has passed the house.

The jury in the Hugh S. Peoples case returned a verdict of not guilty of Martha Whitla's murder.

The Fontaine Locomotive Company with capital stock of $1,000,000 has just been organized in Detroit. The officers are: President, Thomas Christie; Vice-President, O. W. Shipman; Treasurer, D. M. Ferry; Secretary, Anson Waring. The purposes of the company are to manufacture and sell locomotive engines, in accordance with the designs of the Fontaine patent. Of the capital stock $600,000 are paid in. The paid up stock consists of the two locomotives, valued at $30,000, and the patent rights for the United States, Canada, England. Germany, France and Belgium, estimated at $570,000.

Muskegon is shipping immense quantities of strawberries.

A new brick kiln in Midland is turning out 25,000 brick per day. The first kiln burned 200,000.

J. Dows, proprietor of an insect powder, at Colwell's drug store, Jackson, has secured the contract for clearing the state prison of cockroaches and bedbugs by its use. He furnishes 140 pounds of powder and the necessary blowers for $222, and the labor of applying it will increase his remuneration to over $300.

The special train to Grand Rapids with the Detroit Light Guard and friends, ran into a freight train near Pontiac. The engine was demolished and another sent from Detroit to take the train to Grand Rapids. No one was reported seriously hurt except the engineer. □

MISCELLANEOUS.

Railroad Disaster Near Long Branch.

The 8 o'clock express train from Long Branch to New York, Thursday, plunged into a branch of the Shrewsbury, near Little Silver station, by which, as far as reported, four persons were killed and many others seriously hurt. The train consisted of six cars, four ordinary passenger coaches, a smoking and parlor car, which left the rails and ran over the ties of the bridge, tearing them in pieces, and when about in the center, four passenger cars and the smoker went down into the water with a terrible crash. The water was only four feet deep, and the cars landed on their sides. A scene of horror was then revealed. The cars were filled with passengers, some were dead, others dying, and all summoned to rescue themselves or others from the scene of disaster. Gen. Grant was pulled from the smoking car, having suffered only a slight injury. Of those killed, or whose injuries soon resulted in death, were E. L. Bradley, produce dealer, New York: G. W. Demorest, provision dealer, New York; Charles M. Woodruff, of Newark, N. J., and James E. Mallory banker of New York. W. R. Garrison, son of Commodore Garrison, had both legs broken, which, with other injuries, render his case hopeless. Geo. P. Blanchard, Vice President of the New York, Lake Erie and Western road, and Arthur L. Sewell, with a hundred others, were slightly injured. Gen. Grant had a slight bruise on the knee. The cause of the terrible disaster was the changing of the track for the Monmouth Park races. The frog at the switch was not properly spiked, and when it was struck by the engine it spread the track and tore up the rails for over 100 feet. While the engine and forward cars were piled up on the side of the track, the succeeding five cars plunged forward on the bridge and were precipitated into the water. Seats were thrown in all directions and window glass flew into a thousand pieces. The three rear cars had their trucks torn off by the string beam of the bridge. It was a case of inexcusable carelessness on the part of those intrusted with the task of altering the track.

Yellow fever sufferers are reported aboard of steamers enroute to New York and New Orleans, Havana reports 225 cases in the city with tendency of becoming epidemic.

Annie Louise Cary was married in Portland, Me., on the 28th, to C M. Raymond of New York City.

The Malley boys, accused of Jennie Cramer's murder, have been declared not guilty. No demonstration was made, and the parties immediately left without speaking to any one. Walter Malley went with his father to the Toutine hotel, and James accompanied his uncle to Wilkesbarre, Pa. Blanche Douglass is the guest of the jailer. Walter Malley says it will be the aim of his life to ascertain how Jennie Cramer died, and prove beyond a shadow of doubt that the last time he saw her alive was Thursday morning when she left the Malley residence with Blanche Douglass.

The President has sent in the name of Gen. Lew Wallace of Indiana, for re-appointment as minister to Turkey.

Guiteau's body was buried in the jail at Washington Saturday afternoon. District Attorney Corkhill was accused of officiousness in connection with the execution, and efforts are being made to secure his removal. The doctor's say the condition of Guiteau's brain was normal.

Wm. R Garrison, son of Commodore Garrison, injured in the Silver Creek railroad accident, died Saturday morning.

The new Chicago directory contains 196,000 names, making a population according to published estimates of about 580,000 in the city proper. The publishers' estimates for 1880 was below the census returns.

The five story brown stone building on 4th street, between Walnut and Chestnut streets Philadelphia, occupied by Thomas & Sons, auction house, burned at a loss of $275,000.

The Plankington building, Milwaukee, Wis., burned at a loss of $97,000. On July first, also, the Texas Pacific freight depot burned at Fort Worth, at a loss of $150,000.

A cyclone, Friday evening, struck Coalville, near Pittsburg, and destroyed property to the extent of $75,000. Several lives were lost. The path of the storm was a quarter of a mile wide and ten miles long. The day before Central Iowa was visited similarly, the storm for the most part remaining in the air above the tops of buildings. Its power was manifest, however, in a few places where it dipped earthward.

Both the senate and the house adjourned until Thursday 5th.

The total sum paid by the government in pensions by reason of the civil war is stated to have already reached $500,781,950.

Mr. Berry of California wants congress to abolish the state of Nevada and make its territory a part of the state of California.

The senate has voted to grant a company of Maryland capitalists the privilege of laying another ocean cable between the United States and Europe.

In the matter of payment of Garfield's sickness and funeral expenses, it is proposed by the senate to limit the compensation for medical services to $25,000 and the other awards to $57,500, and to restrict the time for the consideration of all claims to the present year.

CONGRESS.

June 30.—In the Senate the joint resolution to provide temporarily for the expenditures of the government was signed by the Chair. Resolutions were received from the House announcing the death of Representative Hawk, of Illinois, and providing for a joint committee to escort the remains to their last resting place

When the House met, the desk lately occupied by Representative Hawk, of Illinois, who died last night, was draped in black and decked with flowers. The chaplain touchingly referred to the death of Mr. Hawk, and invoked the divine blessing upon the bereaved family. Immediately after reading the journal Mr. Henderson announced the intelligence to the House and offered resolutions which were unanimously adopted expressing the sorrow of the House and providing for the appointment of a committee of three Senators and seven Representatives to superintend the funeral ceremonies and escort the remains to their last resting place.

July 1—In the Senate Mr. Saunders reported a bill to establish the Territory of Pembina and providing a temporary government therefor. Calendar. The Senate went into committee on the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill. After discussion the bill as amended was reported to the Senate and passed. A bill was passed to further regulate the investment of the Pacific railroad sinking fund. (It permits the Secretary of the Treasury to invest the sinking fund in first mortgage thirty-year bond of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads.

In the House Mr. Kelley asked and obtained consent to report from the Committee on Ways and Means a joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue $200,000,000 in two per cent. bonds or certificates in exchange for bonds bearing a higher rate of interest. Senate bill to authorize the construction of a bridge across Sault Ste. Marie River was passed. The bill to repeal so much of section 3385, of the revised statutes, as imposed a tax on tobacco was passed. The Speaker laid before the House a message from the President, returning without his approval, the bill to regulate the carriage of passengers by sea.

July 3.—Senate bill authorizing the sale of timber on certain lands reserved for the use of Menominee Indians of Wisconsin was passed. The bill to amend section 2325 of the revised statutes of the United States touching the issuance of patents for mineral lands was called up. The purpose of the bill was to correct the abuse growing out of the filling of fraudulent protests or pretended protest against issuing patents and obstructions to granting tiles to mining claims as a means of extorting blackmail from persons seeking patents. It provides that where there is failure to sustain by proof the allegations of the protest, the party making the same shall pay the costs and expenses of the proceeding. The General Deficiency Appropriation bill was proceeded with.

In the House Messrs. Cannon, Hiscock and Atkins were appointed conferees on the Legislative Appropriation bill. Senate bill ratifying the agreement with the Crow Indians for the sale of a portion of their reservation in Montana required for the Northern Pacific Railroad Company was passed. Also the bill appropriating $50,000 for the erection of a public building at St. Joseph, Mo., the ultimate cost of which shall not exceed $86,000. The Senate bill providing for the erection of public buildings at Harrisonburg and Abingdon, Va., and apppropriating $50,000 each for that purpose. Also the Senate bill for a public building at Terre Haute, Ind.

FOREIGN.

The news from Egypt is not assuring. Symptoms of another uprising in Alexandria have caused the guards to be doubled. Decidedly warlike preparations are being continued on the part of England and France, and Italy seems to intend having a hand in the fracas The court of inquiry into the cause of the riots, desiring, on reasonable grounds of suspicion, to search the houses of three Egyptian officers for property stolen on that occasion, the secretary of war declares he cannot permit such an insult to army officers.

A member of Parliament from Ireland says: Home Rule, I take it, is not far off. Every where in English society we find growing up the conviction that a Parliament in Westminster cannot manage the affairs of the people of Ireland, and indeed that the present centralized system of doing business in Westminster, of managing there all the local affairs of England Ireland, Scotland and Wales, is of necessity a failure. Go where you will in England, you find the minds of English people awake to the importance of this question of Home Rule.

All the banks in Alexandria have been transferred to the deck of vessels in the harbor as a panic prevails on shore. Lord Salisbury says England will not recede from its demand for Arabi's removal. There are 32 men-of-war in the harbor, and the Italian fleet is cruising within easy distance. It is stated that France will co-operate with England in armed intervention and will send 10,000 men. Germany has appealed to the porte to send troops to Egypt in anticipation of the decisions of the conference.

The information from Egypt is to the effect that foreigners in Alexandria dare not appear in the streets, but are compelled to use close carriages whenever they go anywhere. Hacks which formerly were for hire at one franc an hour now bring $25.

The last clause of the repression bill was acted on the British House of Commons Saturday evening. This result was reached after a continuous session of 32 hours, save a brief interval Friday night, and only with great difficulty and in the face of determined opposition. On account of their "deliberately planned obstruction of the business of the House," the following Irish members were suspended and compelled to withdraw: Messrs. Biggar, Cullan, Cummins, Dillon, Healy, Leamy McCarthy, Marum, Metger, T. P. O'Connor, O'Donnell, Parnell, Power, Redmond, Sexton and Sullivan.

The Hanlan-Ross race was not rowed at Winnipeg, as announced. The deposits were withdrawn, and Ross goes to England to row Boyd, while Hanlan goes to Australia to regain his health.

Alarm is felt at Alexandria on account of a threatened exchange of shots between the forts on the coast and the English iron clads. The conference continues its sittings at Constantinople, but its doings are kept secret.

DETROIT MARKETS.

The Produce and Provision Market is supplied at rates as follows: Mess Pork $21 75; family, $22.75; clear, $23 75; lard, 11¼c. for tierces; 12c. for kegs; hams, 12@13c; shoulders 9@10.; bacon, 13c.; dried beef, 13@15; extra mess beef, $15.00. Chickens were sold at 12@14c. per lb. White fish and trout 6@7c.

VEGETABLES—Jobbing prices were as follows: Per doz bunches asparagus. 55@55; cucumbers 50@50; onions, 20@20c.; pieplant, 30@35. Per box, wax beans. $1 25@1.50; peas, $1.25@1.50; per bu ;Lettuce, 40@40 spinach, 45c

FLOUR.		
White wheat, roller process	$6 75	@ 7 00
White wheat, pastry	6 00	@ 6 25
Seconds	400	@ 4 50
Minnesota brands	7 25	@ 8 00
Minnesota patents	8 00	@ 9 25
Wheat—White ℔ bu	1 25	@ 1 37
Clover Seed—℔ bu	4 00	@ 4 70
Corn—℔ bu	70	@ 76
Oats—℔ bu	50	@ 56
Strawberries	15	@ 20
Barley—℔ bu	1 95	@ 2 25
Cheese—Onio and Mich. ℔ lb	11	@ 12
Dried Fruit—Apples, ℔ lb	5	@ 6
— " evap'd	12	@ 13
—Peaches	18	@ 23
—Pitted Cherries	20	@ 21
Onions—℔ bu	2 25	@ 2 50
Beans—℔ bu	2 75	@ 3 45
Butter—℔ lb choice	16	@ 19
Beeswax—℔ lb	20	@ 22
Eggs—℔ doz	17	@ 18
Hay—per ton	14 00	@16 00
Hides—℔ lb green	6	@ 7
Hides—℔ lb cured	7	@ 8
Hops—℔ lb	20	@ 25
Potatoes—℔ bu	1 25	@ 1 50
Sheep Pelts—each	75	@ 1 75
Tallow—℔ lb	5½	@ 7
Wood—℔ cord	4 00	@ 6 50

Detroit Live Stock Market.

CATTLE.		
Steers extra, per cwt	$6 00	@ 6 75
Steers good shippers	5 50	@ 6 00
Steers butchers	4 00	@ 5 00
Steers common grades	3 50	@ 4 00
Milch Cows	35 00	@60 00
SHEEP.		
Per 100 lbs	4 00	@ 5 50
HOGS.		
Per 100 lbs	7 00	@ 7 50

A Bush-Lawyer and his Client.

"My wood-choppers captured a sloth this morning," said the judge, as we walked toward the ravine—"a big black sloth—a 'bush-lawyer,' as the Indians call them. They tied him to the stump of a tree, and what do you suppose I found, when I came out to fetch him? Here we are! Just look at this happy family!"

The old sloth lay on his back, near the stump where the wood-choppers had left him, but in his claws he held the strangest animal I ever saw in my life—a black, hairy little brute, about the shape of a young bear, but with a big tail that turned and twisted left and right like a snake.

"What in the world do you call that?" I asked—"a monkey or an overgrown squirrel?"

"No, it's a honey-bear," laughed the judge—"a kinkayou, as we call them. Just look up—there's half a dozen of them in that tree!"

On a catalpa-tree, near the stump, a whole family of the strange long-tails were eating their dinner, not in the least disconcerted by our presence, as it seemed, though two of them eyed us, with outstretched necks, as if they desired us to explain the purpose of our visit.

I stepped back to get a better look at them. They had snouts and paws like fat young bears, but in their movements they reminded me of a North American opossum; they could hang by their tails and use them as rope-ladders in lowering themselves from branch to branch. Now and then, one or two of them came down to take a look at their captive comrade, but the least movement of the old sloth would send them scampering up the tree with squeals of horror.

"That lawyer of yours has taken the law into his own hands," said I.

"Yes, I suspect those little imps kept fooling with him until he grabbed one of them," said the judge. "Let's set that thing free, or he will squeeze it to death."

The old sloth held his prisoner as a spider holds a fly, encircling him completely with his long-clawed legs, and while the captive mewled and snarled, the captor uttered grunts that sounded like inward chuckles. It needed our combined efforts to unclasp his long grappling-hooks, and we were afraid the prisoner would die before we could liberate him, but as soon as his feet touched the ground, he bounced up the tree as if the fell fiends were at his heels.

"That fellow wont forget the day of the month," laughed the judge; "he will know better than to meddle with a lawyer the next time."—*St. Nicholas.*

Farmers' Homes.

"There's no place like home." Much has been said and written upon what should be done to make a model home for the farmer. Made up as this great country is largely of farmers and farms, its pride should be in the attractiveness of farmers homes. We do not speak now of the interior, but of the exterior, of the home. The results which might be attained if a united effort should be made by the farmers of the country to improve their homes by the cultivation of trees, shrubs, and flowers, would be marvelous, indeed. Often—very often—a farm-house is remembered by the passer-by, chiefly for its unattractiveness, owing to the entire absence of all ornamentation—not a flower, shrub, or tree, to be seen, and, perhaps, not even a fence inclosing the rusty grass-plot. No place is so retired that the ornamental and the beautiful can be dispensed with. The surroundings of home have much do with the respect the children have for it; and long years after its appearance will go toward making up the pleasant or unpleasant memories connecting themselves with it. The farmer cannot afford to neglect beautifying his home. It will add greatly to the contentment of the children and awaken a just pride in the hearts of the wife and of the farmer himself, to surround his home with those attractions which nature is ready to contribute. Let every farmer, whose home may as yet be wanting in this respect, give the matter his careful thought.

IN a stirring temperance address before the Free Church General Assembly at Edinburg, Mr. Moody bore testimony of great value in behalf of gospel temperance work. Earnestly appealing in behalf of those lately reformed under the influence of his meetings, as needing to be looked after, he said: "Four years ago, twenty-six reclaimed drunkards were received into Rev. Dr. Gordon's church in Boston. A few months ago he wrote me that twenty-three had stood firm, one had died, one had fallen and been reclaimed, and one, only, had gone back to his old life."

Ten denominations of Christians were represented in the graduating class of Yale Theological Seminary.

GENTLEMEN—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months, and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering from debility, or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them.

J. C. STOETZEL,
683 Fulton st., Chicago, Ill.

Toronto has been favored in the gift of superb free bath houses by a former resident of the city.

IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such great cures as Hop Bitters do; but when old and young, rich and poor, pastor and doctor, lawyer and editor, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer.

Turbulent persons at Armaugh, Ireland marched through the streets deriding Queen Victoria an then indulged in a drill.

Science Notes.

Grape sugar has about two-fifths the sweetening power of ordinary cane sugar. It may be obtained from grapes, figs, honey, and many kinds of fruit. If potato starch be heated with sulphuric acid, it will be transformed into a syrup from which dextrose will separate in crystals. In a similar manner sawdust, paper, old tape and rags, may be converted into sugar. Prof. Pepper tells of seeing an old shirt thus turned into an article pleasing to the palate. In this transformation the sulphuric acid simply acts by catalysis. The chemical difference between dextrose and starch is that the former contains more water. The weight of the sugar will exceed that of the starch by the amount of water absorbed. In effecting such transformations as worn out garments into sugar, art only does on a small scale what nature does on a grand one. Out of the waste and refuse of animal and vegetable bodies, nature is ever making objects of worth and surpassing beauty. The blooming iris springs from the black muck of the marsh, the honey-gathering bee sips the nectar manufactured by flowers out of decomposing matter, and our bread-making wheat grows upon fields enriched by the products of former decay.

The ancient Persian youth were taught three things, viz., to ride, to shoot, to tell the truth.

A pack of wolves in any community would be speedily hunted down and exterminated, but the poison, which produces such diseases as scarlet fever and diphtheria, is too often allowed to go about its work of destruction. A few pounds of sulphur, copperas, or chloride of zinc judiciously used, would deprive it of its death-dealing power.

In Tarbell's "Sources of Health," published in Berlin in 1834, it is estimated that from every 100 men in each vocation, there attained to the age of 70 years and upwards, 42 clergymen, 40 farmers, 35 commercial men, 33 military men, 29 lawyers, 28 artists, 27 teachers, and 24 physicians. Instances may, however, be cited of medical men who became very aged. Harvey was 81; Hoffman, 83; Hahneman, 88; Heberton, 93; and Hippocrates, 109.

Fewer diseases and less mortality result from defective drainage than from over-crowding.

Cooking a Culture.

Some claim that if the entire thought is not given to each minute, the bread will be burned or heavy; the linen scorched; the vegetables half-cooked, and the steak parboiled instead of broiled. In reply to this assertion, I offer a few practical examples: Mrs. Stowe assures us she wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" while attending to her bread. Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune), the wife of the pastor of the First Congregational Church, in Springfield, Mass., planned the architecture of their own home, and, although she had amassed a large fortune by her pen, she is described by a recent guest as "a model wife and mother." While her paintings adorn the walls, and the furniture is decorated by her own hands, her kitchen is the crown of her home, for in this she is queen and she affirms the more a woman knows the better housekeeper, wife and mother she can be. With all these occupations, she has a class of forty young men in her husband's Sunday-school, which numbers 500. Rose Terry Cooke, in her old-fashioned country home at Winsted, Conn., is equally famous as a cook and a poet. She not only writes charming poems about her garden, but is up before sunrise to work in it. Her roses are her especial pride.—*Cleveland Herald.*

"YELLOW PETE."

A gentleman well known in Pittsburgh, Pa., had business relations in the West Indies, and went over to give the matter his personal supervision and attention. He there contracted a bilious affection, and his liver was in such a state of torpidity that it was utterly incapable of performing its functions. He tried many means to bring it back to a healthy condition and restore the system to a state of activity, but without success, until one day he was fortunate enough to have Burdock Blood Bitters recommended, and now his health is entirely restored. Read what was his experience. It speaks for itself; "After spending a few years in Jamaica I returned to this country about played out physically. My complexion was so changed that they used to call me Yellow Pete. I traveled much and tried everything I could think of to act upon the liver, but nothing seemed to do me any good, until one day I happened to hear of Burdock Blood Bitters. I tried it, and consider there is nothing like it. My sallow complexion is gone, and it has toned up the weak spots in my system generally.

"PETER L. COLLINS,
"Pittsburgh, Pa."

Such was Mr. Collins' experience, which is corroborated by hundreds of other unsolicited testimonials equally as reliable, proving that Burdock Blood Bitters now supplies a want long needed, and that as a remedy for acting upon the blood, the liver, and the kidneys, it is simply peerless. Sold by all druggists.

FARRAND, WILLIAMS & Co., Wholesale Agents, Detroit, Mich.

The New York East Conference at its recent session, recommended Methodist ministers not to marry a person whose divorced wife or husband sti

One of the great features of evening dresses for the summer season is the embroideries. The entire front breadths are embroidered in floss silk of all shades and silver and many colored beads.

LANGUAGE CANNOT DESCRIBE IT.

Mr. Robert Gould, book keeper for Walker & Maxcy, who are lumber dealers, recently said to our representative: "About one year ago I was taken with the genuine sciatica. I employed the best physicians, but they could only relieve me for the moment. Finally I used St. Jacobs Oil and it effected a complete cure.—*Kennebec Reporter, Gardiner Me.*

A novelty in parasols consists of a handle finished by a two-inch horseshoe with a silver ring and nails complete.

Mr. Gail B. Johnson, business manager of the Houston (Texas) *Post*, has used St. Jacobs Oil with the greatest benefit for rheumatism, says the Galveston (Texas) *News.*

The fashionable corsage boquet is a cluster of "Jacques roses." As many as thirteen are worn at the same time.

Trouble Saved.

It is a remarkable fact that THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL is as good for internal as external use. For diseases of the lungs and throat, and for rheumatism, neuralgia, crick in the back, wounds, and sores, it is the best known remedy, and much trouble is saved by having it always on hand.

Mark Hopkins, the venerable instructor of President Garfield, will deliver a memorial discourse on his distinguished pupil at Williamstown, at noon, July 4th.

Send to Mrs Sarah J. VanBuren, 192 Franklin st., Buffalo, N. Y., for "Hints to Ladies," containing interesting information for wives and mothers *free*

Judson University, Ark., conferred the Honorary Degree of A. M. on Wm. Bucknell, Esq., of Philadelphia and that of D. C. L. on Horatio G. Jones, of the Pennsylvania senate.

Rub It In.

Jacob Lœckman, 274 Clinton Street, Buffalo, N. Y., says he has been using THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL for rheumatism. He had such a lame back that he could do nothing; but one bottle entirely cured him.

The Duke of Edingburgh narrowly escaped drowning on the 28th, while fishing.

A Hive of Bees.

Burdock Blood Bitters Bring Back health, when the Body is Badly disordered By impure Blood. Biliousness, indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia and other Bad disorders cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. Price $1.00.

Hanover College, Ind., has conferred the degree of LL. D., on Miss Maria Mitchell, Prof. of Astronomy and Director of the Observatory in Vassar College.

The material best adapted to Monumental Art is now generally conceded to be Granite as well on account of its inherent solidity, as of its long tried qualities of endurance. Of this most valuable mineral David Patterson is connected with the proprietors of the most extensive quarries in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, from whence every variety of this stone may be furnished at the lowest rates consistent with first class work and material. Mr. Patterson's work is finished in the most artistic manner. By dealing direct with him you save agents commission and are sure of being satisfied. Office 266 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

John Russell Young, successor of ex-Minister Angell, arrived at Yokohama on the 19th ult., and proceeded to China a week later.

Ladders.

Farmers, painters, tinners and everyone who needs a ladder of any style and size. Send your order to G. A. Burch & Co., 12 Gratiot Ave. Fruit ladders pointed. Special discount to agents or trade. Send for list.

Door and window screens, wood turning scroll sawing, etc.

Messrs. Flinn and Durfee manufacturers of ice cream and wholesale dealers in foreign and domestic fruits having removed to their new brick building 136 Michigan Ave., would respectfully announce that they are now prepared to fill orders promptly from any part of the state. When in Detroit call and see them.

RHEUMATISM.—There has been no medicine introduced for rheumatism that equals Durangs' Rheumatic Remedy. It is as sure to cure as the seasons are to follow each other. Many of our prominent men here in public life have used it with great success. We unhesitatingly recommend it to all sufferers.—*Washington City Republican.* Sold at all drug stores, one dollar a bottle; six bottles for five dollars. Write for free pamplet to the proprietor. R. K. HELPHENSTINE, Washington, D. C.

A St. Louis editor accidentally received in his morning mail proof-sheets intended for the employes of a religious publication house, and, after glancing over them, rushed to the city editor, yelling, "Why in the world didn't you get a report of that big flood? Even that slow, old religous newspaper across the way is ahead of you. Send out your force for full particulars—only one family saved. Interview the old man. His name is Noah."—*Independent.*

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

It seems strange that any one will suffer from the many derangements brought on by an impure condition of the blood, when SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will restore perfect health to the physical organization. It is indeed a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take and has proven itself to be the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, effectually curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, all Nervous disordery and Debility, Bilous complaints, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc., and corrects indigestion. A single bottle will prove to you its merits as a health renewer, for it acts LIKE A CHARM, especially when the complaint is of an exhaustive nature, having a tendency to lessen the natural vigor of the brain and nervous system.

THE FARM.

Farming at the Front.

Never before have there been so many people of all classes taking a strong, direct, personal interest in the agricultural situation and prospects. Business men, bankers, capitalists, stock brokers, merchants, mechanics, manufacturers, operatives, and day laborers even, are watching the daily bulletins and reports of the weather, with especial reference to how it is affecting the growing wheat, corn, and oats, and the further planting of corn. Never before have they seen so clearly that farming is the real basis of all other business, and that upon it rests the prosperity of the country. They now comprehend the fact that it was the good crops of 1879, 1880 and 1881, from the export of which we received so many hundreds of millions of dollars from other lands, which changed the financial depression of 1873, and the years following, into a prosperous activity extending through all branches of trade and manufacture. Every extra bushel of wheat or corn; or pound of meat, cheese and butter that went to market helped turn the scale· The hundreds of millions of bushels of grain that came from the interior to the seaboard, gave profitable employment to the railroads. Tnese bought and used more cars, more steel, and the makers of these, from head director to the lowest laborer, recieved more wages and more constant employment, and they purchased more freely those articles that go to supply the necessities and comforts of every day life. This stimulated and increased the merchantile trade, and made heavier demnds upon all kinds of manufactured commodities. The farmers who received the proceeds were able to reduce debts upon their farms, to buy more and better implements; to pay up their store debts, and to buy more freely from the merchants. The merchants and shop keepers were in turn able to pay up their debts to wholesale houses, brokers in manufactures, and importers, and to buy larger stocks of goods for cash or on short credits. The carrying of these goods increased the transportation business, and stimulated the building of five to ten thousand miles of new railroads per year.

This brief glance at some leading points shows the great and far-reaching influence of prosperity to farmers. On the other hand, the uufavorable winter and spring and the summer droughts of 1881 cut down the surplus wheat and corn and meat and dairy and dairy products and cotton, may score millions in value. This, of coarse diminished exports and has started gold abroad; it has decreased the ability of farmers, and all classes of workers, to buy goods and manufactures. The decline in the demand for iron and steel, and the fall in prices, prevent the payment of the wages asked for, and there is now prevailing one of the greatest "strikes" ever known in this country, of laborers who demand higher pay to meet the increased cost of living, due in part to the advance in breadstuffs, consequent upon the lessened crops of last year. Is it any wonder that this state of things has opened the eyes and enlightened the understanding of that half of the people who are not engaged in agriculture, and who have hitherto been inclined to look upon farming as of inferior importance, and suited for clod-hoppers? Farming has come to the front and it is going to stay there.—*American Agriculturist.*

Rended by Liightning's Bolt.

About 5 o'clock this afternoon, during a heavy thunder-storm, the people of Columbia were startled by a heavy crash which followed a most vivid flash of lightnig. They little suspected, however, that the thunderbolt had fallen on the confederate monument in the State-house grounds, and that the crowning glory of that magnificent work of art, the marble statue of a Confederate soldier, which surmounted it had toppled from its base and been shattered into fragments. The statue is almost completely demolished. Mr. W. A. Anderson an old soldier of Jenkins brigade, who chanced to be looking toward the monument when the thunder-bolt fell, says that the whole monument was surrounded by a perfect sheet of flame, and when the crash came the head of the statue instantly fell forward to the ground. When it had reached about half way to the ground the body swayed for a moment, and then gracefully fell over to the right side of the monument. The head was completely off at the neck as if with a sword, and falling, struck on the upper base stone of the northern frent of the monument. In falling the body struck the lower base on the eastern side, driving it out of place for an inch or two. The cannon at the rear of the statue was broken off The right leg was severed at the skirt of the coat. The hands which rested on the musket, were broken off, and the left leg was driven into the ground six or eight inches. There is nothing left on the top of the shaft but a fragment of the left leg, which is broken off at the ankle and rests upon the broken stock of the musket. The statue was hurled to the ground with so great force that where it struck the stone base it was crushed into powder. Many fragments were carried off by curiosity seekers. The head and hands were deposited in the Secretary of State's office for safe keeping, and the rest of the statue was placed under the guard of the State-house keeper during the night,

The monument was erected by the South Carolina Monumental Association, composed of ladies, on May 13, 1879. The association was founded in February, 1865, and work was begun in 1869. The total expenses of the enterprise amounted to $11,761 46. The statue surmounting the monument, which was chisled out of fine Italian marble, cost about $5,000. It will be impossible to replace the statue and repair the other damages for less than this amount' for although the shaft and base still stand they are shaken out of their position, inclining a little to the right, and it may be necessary to take down the monument and re-erect it. Although greatly distressed at the misfortune, the ladies have already determined to go to work and repair the damages. An effort will be made to secure an appropriation from the Legislature and subscriptions are solicited from all who love the memory of the Confederate dead. Of course, it will be said by politicians that the destruction of the statue was "a judgment of God;" but let it be known that the Confederate soldier fell at his post, and, as an eye witness declared, "he went down like he had been slain in battle."—*Correspondent Charleston News.*

Don't Deceive the 'Old Man.'

A good deal of amusement has been caused in dry goods trade circles during the past few days by the leaking out of a little story at the expense of two young gentlemen who are widely and favorably known in the trade. The father of these young men is a prominent Market street merchant, noted for his large wealth, shrewd business ability and great economy, particularly in the matter of wearing apparel. The sons, who are models of elegance and taste in dress, have for a long time, borne a particular antipathy to a certain venerable coat which has clung to their respected parent for many years, and often tried by persuasion to induce him to sell it to the rag man and buy a new one, but the old gentleman's invariable reply was: "You poys shpend money enough for glothes for one family. Dis goat is good enough for me." At length, knowing their father's fondness for a bargain, they thought of a ruse by which to induce him to lay off the old garment and get a new one. Taking a coat which the father had worn, they went to their tailor and instructed him to take it as a pattern as to size and fit, and make the finest coat he could. "We'll get father down here on some pretence or other, and then you must sell him that coat. No matter what he offers, you take it, and we'll pay you the balance." In due time the sons received word that the coat was finished—price, $80. The next morning at breakfast the eldest son casually remarked: "Father, you will be going by the tailor's to-day, and I wish you would stop and tell him to be sure to send home my new coat to-day, for I have a party to attend to-night."

"Very well, my son, I will do so, but I don't see vat you poys vant mit so many goats."

The old gentleman delivered his message, and the tailor's opportunity had come. Fingering the venerable garment he remarked persuasively: "You ought to have a new coat. It's a shame for a rich man like you to wear such an old garment as that."

"Tank you very much, but dis goat is goot enough for me."

"I have got something,' persisted the tailor, "that I believe will fit you, and it is the greatest bargain that you ever heard of. The price of this coat," said the tailor, producing the garment, "is $80, but it won't fit the man I made it for, and I'll let you have it for next to nothing. Try it on."

The coat was tried on and proved a perfect fit."

"You'll never get such a bargain again if you live a hundred years," said the tailor.

"You may have that coat for just $40."

"I'll give you twenty-five," said the old merchant, who knew a good cloth when he saw it.

"Take it."

Carrying the old coat in a bundle, the purchaser went out arrayed in the $80 coat.

At supper that night he appeared in the familiar old coat and in excellent good humor. To his sons he said: "I made a nice little ting to-day. Ven I vas at the tailor's I pought a goat—a nice fine goat. The price vas $80, but I got it for $25. I put it on and had not gone a square pefore I met a vriend. He noticed my new goat and spoke about it, and I told him about how I got it so sheap. He offered me $30 for the goat and I took it—made $5 in fife minutes.

"Yes," said the sons dolefull in chorus, "you have made five dollars, and we have lost fifty-five." Then the explained.

"My gracious! dat is bad," said the old man, when he comprehended the situation, "but let dis be a lesson to you, my children. Never try to deceive your fader."—*Philadelphea Times.*

HOT MILK AS A RESTORATIVE.—Milk that is heated to much above 100 degrees Fahrenheit loses for the time a degree of its sweetness and its density; but no one fatigued by over-exertion of body and mind, who has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage; heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its having been rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portions of it seem to be digested and appropriated almost immediately; and many who fancy they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by labor of brain or body will find in this simple draught an equivalent that shall be abundantly satisfying and more enduring in its effects —*Phrenological Journal.*

Sleeveless vests opening from the waist on a waistcoat are very fashionable.

Fashion Notes.

Redingotes require the broad-brimmed Directoire hats to be in keeping.

Spotted foulard neckties of dark color, with the dots in contrast, are worn with morning toilets.

Parasols painted with field flowers are the fashion.

Gay-colored grenadines will be popular this summer.

The fashionable color of damask tablecloths is that of coffee.

Old fashioned shawls are used for portieres and table covers.

Collar necklaces of artificial flowers are worn with square-cut dresses.

Dressy shoes of white or black satin have short toes and are closely beaded.

Cream, and faint tints in blue and pink are much in favor for graduating costumes.

Black, green or pinkish grapes are in great vogue for ornamenting evening dresses.

The high flaring collars of the new walking coats of black velvet or satin are covered with jet beads.

Fringes formed of very large pendent rosebuds are employed to edge the draperies on silk or satin dresses.

Silk gloves are shown in all the new summer shades. They are fastened by three buttons at the wrist and extend upwards in a deep gauntlet.

Surah dresses of shrimp pink profusely trimmed with ivory white lace, or with silk Aurillac lace, are worn at day and evening receptions.

Crinoline grows in favor with English women, but meets with no success with Parisians. American ladies content themselves with very small tournures.

Æsthetic gowns of white muslin with surplice waist and puffed sleeves are worn by girls in their teens at school commencements.

India pongee lap robes are cool and cleanly for using in open carriages during the summer. They are bordered with dark-colored silk, quilted in rows.

The elegant black brocaded silk made for Mrs. Garfield by the American Silk-Culture Association is on exhibition in a Broadway window.

"Crushed-strawberry" red and raspberry pink are the fashionable colors for the gingham dresses worn by brunettes. They are trimmed with white embroidered muslin.

The jetted Jersey waists of black silk are very stylish for completing black satin mervelleux dresses that have many lengthwise tucks and pleated flounces.

Outline embroidery on crash, pongee or linen will remain the favorite needlework for idlers in the country during midsummer weather.

Hat pins come in a variety of styles, including bead-headed pins, gold, silver, pansy, daisy-headed pins and those with cup-like tops on a quivering stem.

Black silk stockings reserved for morning wear, are dotted with red or blue butterflies, with yellow antennæ. For evening, white lace stockings are embroidered with gold and silver stars, or tiny silken florettes.

A new style of panier becoming to tall, slender figures is the "Madrilene." It is double. The under-panier is of surah or cashmere, while the over panier is of Spanish lace, either scarf or shawl, draped and drawn back with the one underneath.

Beaded embroideries of many colors, representing jewels, especially pearls of many shades, and turquoises, are used for trimming crape dresses, as they carry out the Oriental coloring.

Terra-cotta dresses of cashmere or of camel's-hair are made entirely of one material, and if simply fashioned without braiding are very stylish. The basque of terracotta is also popular with black satin skirts.

Fan-Flirting.

"Fan-flirting," which we so lightly lost, was an art which the British dame only acquired after assiduous practice. For long after the roguish ladies of the Peninsular had made fine play 'with scarfs and fans and double charge of bravery," their English sisters hardly knew any other use for the new implement except to cool themselves. Gay's Flavia was, however, an adept at the adroit manipulation of the fan and; even if it proved "an engine of small force in love," it served admirably to conceal the blush which suffused her cheeks when Squire Western broke one of his favorite jokes, or Tony Lumpkin, disguised in liquor, pressed his suit a trifle too obtrusivey. Delamira resigned her fan when she married, declaring that tongue could not tell the conquests she had won with that tiny implement, though, of course, now that her years of probation were over she no longer required the "modest fan," since "she could smile at what she blushed before." In good Queen Annie's time it was one of the elements of polite education to be able to "flirt," "handle," "ground," "discharge," and "flutter" the fan, and Addison suggests in one of his playful essays that ladies ought to go through a fan drill, just as train-bands learn to handle the pike and musket effectively. Fan-play survived as a liberal art in some old-fashioned country towns long after it had perished in the capital. Beaus selected their partners by the fan, all the ladies' fans being placed in a hat before a dance began, and each gentleman being compelled to take whatever the fortune of the lottery might give. But, of course, there was plenty of connivance, and what the French know as *supercherie*, so that it was entirely Strephon's own blame if he did not draw Chloe for the quadrille. There were fans for the opera, with tiny telescopes neatly fitted into the handles and looking-glass concealed in the folds, which could not only serve as an impromptu toilet instrument for the owner, but enabled her to attract attention and signal *a la heliographe* for the private delectation of herself and some favored mortal. When did the delectable art die out? In an inventive ages, to whom shall history assign the glory of reviving it?—*London World.*

Who was to Blame.

A very worthy and estimable widow of Elmdale Church was sick, and had not a particle of coal in the house Some member of the church found it out and reported to the next business meeting.

The next day poor Widow Eldridge and her three little shivering children were made glad by the appearance of a whole ton of coal. One of the deacons brought the coal, and the widow retired that night to her couch with tender feelings towards her brothers and sisters in the church.

But, sad to relate, there are almost always some busy-bodies even in the church. They knew Mrs. Eldridge to be not only a very worthy woman, but a very proud one. And for her to become the recipient of charity, even through the church, was something for their tongues to wag about.

One good sister, in every other respect but that her tongue was a "ruling evil," went about from house to house and whispered to those who were not present at the meeting, "Did you know the church had to send Mrs. Eldridge some coal? Would you ever have thought she would have come to that? Wouldn't you think it would be a death-blow to her pride? Don't you remember what a high-spirited woman her mother was?" etc., etc. Nor was this sister one bit careful who overheard her remarks. It might be people in the church, or out of the church—little children, or old gray-haired sinners; and soon the whole neighborhood were talking about Mrs. Eldridge and a ton of coal. At last it came to the ears of the widow herself.

Her children were peeping through a neighbor's fence when a child came up and said, "Ha! the church had to help your mother, didn't it? You are almost poor enough to go to the poor-house. Every body is talking about it, and I aint going to play with you any more."

The children with wounded hearts went and repeated to their mother every word. "Every body was talking about it." Such a simple, easy thing as the gift of a on of coal. Why, she had given more herself in the days of prosperity, and had hardly thought of it since.

Was that the way the church helped its own? With a bitter heart she arose from her bed sooner than she was able, and bent herself closely down to sewing. No food but mush and milk and bread and molasses passed her own or children's lips until she had accumulated enough to pay for the ton of coal.

Then she walked proudly into a business meeting, and when an opportunity offered, arose and said, ':Here is the money to pay for the coal, thanking you ever so much for the loan."

The deacons coughed and a-hemmed, and then one said,—"We intended the coal as a gift, Sister Eldridge, and not as a loan."

She thanked them, "but was not willing to be the recipient of charity, especially when there were so many tongues to spread it. She only hoped the brothers and sisters would be as good at telling that she had *paid* for the coal as they were that they had *given* it to her; that was all."

No more was said, and the church proceeded to other business—and if the affair had ended here, it would not have been so bad.

But Mrs. Eldridge was taken sick again, and made every effort to hide the fact of want from the church. Unable to pay the rent, she removed to a remote part of the city in a garret, where no inquisitive ones could find her.

It was an unusually long, cold winter, and before spring Mrs. Eldridge was found in her bed, dead, while her children were hovering over the one little bucket of coal that was left.

"It was lack of medicine and proper food, in time of sickness," the coroner said; and when it came to the ears of the church they were loud in their denunciations of the woman's pride. Some went so far as to say "she deserved to die for being too proud to let her wants be known." But was the church *none* to blame? Did they deal forth their charity in the right spirit? Do they not in their church covenant agree to keep all transactions in their business meetings to themselves? Does not Christ say, "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth?" Even as we would that others should do unto us, let us do unto them.—*Ex.*

A Parisian, after arraying himself elaborately with gaiters, game-bag and gun, accompnied by his faithful dog, went forth to hunt, but shot nothing. Deeming it unsatisfactory to return empty-handed to the house, he stopped at the market and bought a hare, which he presented to his wife. "Ah," said his wife, "so you killed it! You did right. It was high time."

A temperance reformer advises against the use of circus lemonade. He thinks it is intoxicating because he has seen men stupidly drunk who assured him they had taken nothing stronger.

Garibaldi's Wife.

THE ROMANCE OF HER ADVENTUROUS LIFE.

With the leading events in the life of Garibaldi, which have been freshly recalled by his recent death, the public have become well acquainted. But with his Anita, the wife whom he passionately loved, and whose influence helped to make him the brave and fearless leader that he was, sympathizing with the oppressed everywhere, and ready to fight their battles, the world is altogether unacquainted. And yet her story is better worth the telling than his, for hers was a character of greater elevation and nobleness, while she in no degree fell behind her husband in lofty courage and heroism.

It was by means of an event which wore the guise of a great disaster that Garibaldi first met the woman who soon after became his wife. About the year 1836 he took arms in the aid of the South American Republic of Uruguay against Brazil. He was ordered to cruise along the Brazilian coast, for from his early youth he had been bred to the seafaring life, while his general, Canivarro, should attack the enemy by land. The night after he sailed the vessel was sunk in a violent storm, and of the thirty men whom he had on board

SIXTEEN WERE DROWNED.

Garibaldi saved himself by swimming a mile, and helped also to save others by stopping on his way, and placing floating articles from the sunken vessel within reach of the less skillful swimmers. The coast on which he was wrecked was in the Province of St. Catherine. The rude inhabitants showed him no little kindness, one of them giving him a horse on which he rode to a hill called Barra. There in a solitary dwelling, in the midst of rocks and mountains, he was offered and accepted hospitality. His host was a widower, who had two beautiful daughters, the younger of whom was Anita, of refined character and of gentle manners. The courtship was short, ending in a happy marriage. The bridegroom, attended by his bride, was soon again on board another vessel of war, and when, not long after, Garibaldi was engaged in a fierce naval conflict with a Brazilian war ship, his young wife, notwithstanding her unobtrusive gentleness, insisted upon remaining on deck, cheering the sailors, and thus helping to secure the victory which, after five hours' conflict, her husband gained. In another naval encounter which soon followed this, Anita again took and held the post of danger. She next appears with the army on the land, riding by her husband's side, and enduring with him hunger, fatigue,and all the vicissitudes of war. In one of the actions with the enemy,

SHE WAS TAKEN PRISONER.

She made her escape, disguised by the cloak of a Brazilian soldier which she had procured. Without food or a guide, she rode sixty miles on horseback, a large part of the way by night, and lighted only by flashes of lightning, as a storm of great violence was raging. At length she found her husband, from whom she had been separated for eight days. As the interval had been one of intense anxiety and suspense, during which both had passed through terrible dangers, the joy of their meeting was correspondingly great.

But they were soon again separated, he to respond to the demands of the campaign, and she to suffer from an illness which detained her. While thus alone, and among an unfriendly people, her first child Menotti, was born, Sept. 16, 1840. Twelve days after his birth Anita departed from St. Simon on horseback, with her right hand holding her infant son across the saddle in front of her, while with her left she guided her horse. They were overtaken by a severe storm, from the fury of which she sought such shelter as she could find by dismounting, tying her horse to a tree, and obtaining the protection of a forest. Mounting again after the rain had ceased, her horse soon stumbled, throwing her and her child violently to the ground. The child's head was cut, but it was not killed, and so the mother rode onward again until she met the Montevidean army, with which she found her husband, and in which he held a subordinate command. But her trials were not yet ended, for the army was setting forth on a march through an immense Brazilian forest. The rains were frequent and violent, the streams were swollen, so that the infant boy, Menotti, was often carried by his father tied up in a handkerchief slung from his shoulder as he swam the rivers on horseback.

THE HEROIC MOTHER

endured all the dreadful hardships of this march without shrinking, and came safely through them all.

When at length Garibaldi returned to his native Italy, Anita went with him to share with him there the dangers and hardships and glories of war. During the defense of Rome against the forces of France, she distinguished herself by her courage and her humanity. On the 4th of August, 1849, soon after the fall of Rome, a group of people were gathered around a farm house in the village of Mandrioli, near Ravenna. They were laborers waiting for their pay. While thus waiting, a phæton drove up in which a woman, deadly ill, lay beside the man who drove. A physician who was present pronounced her in the last stages of fever. She was carried into the house, water was brought, she tasted it, and died in her husband's arms. It was Anita. Garibaldi gave way to what a papal official called "outbursts of inconsolable grief," and charged the family to give the body honorable burial. Then he hurriedly fled from Austrian troops, who were hotly pursuring—fled to appear again afterward at Varese and Como and Sicily. But it is said that he carried away a lock of hair which he fondly cherished as a memento of his loved and heroic Anita until the day of his death. If she had lived to be still the companion of her husband's dangers and triumphs, it may be that her influence would have restrained him from that espousal of the cause of communists, by which, in his later life, he dimmed the luster of the fame which was justly due to the achievements of his earlier years.—*Geo. C. Noyes in Interior.*

The Prairies.

Short of the frightful storms which are said to sweep over the sun itself, there does not seem to be any other force in nature quite equal in energy and terror to the tornadoes that so often swoop down upon the prairies of Kansas, Missouri and Iowa. These whirlwinds, now deemed almost wholly electrical—perhaps because electricity is the prevailing fashion in dynamics just now—have the qualties and traits of the elephant's trunk. They can overthrow a house or pick up a sixpence; tear a full grown and massive tree up by the roots, or strip the bark from the smallest twig, and without injuring the wood, as clean as the boy feels a willow rod. Up into the funnel formed by the tremendous pressure and whirl of the air currents, buildings, locomotives, cattle, and children are drawn as readily as gravitation pulls them into an opening in the earth. Residences and barns, large structures and small, are seized and ground into indistinguishable dust, while fragile glassware and tender infants have been borne aloft and set down upon the ground again without the slightest harm.

A roar, a flash of fire balls, a crash, a rush, and the frightful monster had passed on. In less time than it takes to tell of it, the ruin is wrought. For a few hundred feet in width, expanding sometimes to a quarter of a mile, and even a mile, and for a hundred miles in length, wherever there are obstacles and objects, other than forests, not a structure remains. Occasionally, however, it seems to have touched the earth and bounded up again, leaving extensive tracts untouched.

The work of this demon in Iowa was peculiar in its horrible mutilation of its victims. A fierce battle with cannonading and shells could not have inflicted such wounds or mangled the human anatomy in so singularly frightful a fashion. In some cases the clothing was torn off and the shreds left clinging to the body had to be cut away from the flesh. Dirt, sand, plaster and cinders were ground into the flesh, and could not be washed or scraped away, as if the body had been mashed and rolled about under tremendous pressure in sand and ashes. The bodies were beaten into shapeless masses; spines were driven into skulls and through the top of the head; backs were broken; eyes torn out of the sockets and left hanging down the cheeks; the entrails and organs of the body were scooped out of the body's cavities, and limbs pulled asunder. The head of one beautiful girl was so crushed down into her body, that it had to be cut out. Even hens and prairie chickens were plucked as clean of their feathers, as if they had been made ready for market. Mud, dirt, and gravel were not simply splashed on the sides of buildings, but driven into the fibre, as if discharged from a cannon. In one case a stable was lifted, carried over the tops of the tallest trees and deposited on a hill six or seven hundred feet away, the three horses in it being unharmed. Indeed the catalogue of ruin wrought by the tornado, and the miraculous escapes from its violence, fatigue credulity and defy the imagination. Almost without an exception, however, those who were warned by the ominous rush and crash of the storm, long enough to run to the cellars, escape death, and with few exceptions all injuries also.

The Summer Solstice.

On the 21st. of June, at 8 o'clock in the morning, the sun enters the sign Cancer, and inaugurates the great physical epoch known as the summer solstice. He has reached his extreme northern declination of twenty-three and a half degrees, and, just grazing the tropic of cancer, pauses for a few days in his course before turning his steps from our northern clime. The familiar terms explain the apparant movement, the word tropic coming from a Greek word meaning to turn, and the word solstice coming from two Latin words meaning the sun stands still.

The days remain of the same length, fifteen hours and sixteen minutes, for nine days, from the 16th to the 25th. On the 29th a change comes, and a decrease of one minute marks the southern course of the sun.

JOSEPH COOK'S career in India as a lecturer, was quite remarkable. In eighty days, he spoke in thirteen cities, delivered thirty lectures and ten addresses. This in a hot climate, and the cities at magnificent distances from each other. At the principal cities—as Calcutta, Bombay, Madras and Benares—he was greeted with large audiences, and listened to by Bramin and Buddhist, Mohammedan and Christian with interest and attention. His chief opposition came from a few noisy Theosophists with whom he had some debates and interviews. As the result of missionary work, India is profoundly moved on religious subjects, and the present is the church's opportunity to return to the charge, with renewed vigor.

The latest caprice is to suspeud a beautifully-painted miniature tamborine by ribbons from the neck. A satin bag upon the under side contains the handkerchief.

THE COMMERCIAL.

Good Will to Man—Onward and Upward.

SATURDAY, July 8, 1882.

We heard a professor say that "class day historians and prophets have an idea that they must make fools of themselves and say some exceedingly silly things." It is our opinion that, in order to be entertaining, it is not at all necessary to make a fool of one's self or disgrace an institution of learning.

The whisky ring at Washington has been utterly demoralized by the vote in the senate which sent the bill that Commissioner Raum had approved and advocated to the grave of indefinite postponemont. After six months of hard work and much festive enjoyment, this conclusion was worse than a surprise. The Ring had regarded the Senate as its main reliance.

"Speaking for about one hour and a quarter, developing the points above mentioned, the doctor was so affected by the intense heat of the hall that he, with difficulty, finished his discourse. Up to the close of his sermon president Angell spoke with his usual ease and fluency."

"Three thousand people were in University Hall yesterday, who listened to a long, dry, tedious oration from Professor Gregory. We have no doubt but that his oration will read well in print.—*Courier.*

The first was Dr. Angell's baccalaureate. Just think of it. Terribly oppressive heat, and boring an audience an hour and a quarter. Don't wonder the doctor broke down. Dr. Gregory used up his audience if not himself. Why not learn the lesson that too much of a good thing becomes nauseous. The speaker has all his pains for nothing, and the wearied audience is disgusted.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

The Indian Agency is suffering. Why this delay? Capt. Allen would make a splendid officer. 1st. He has physical endurance. 2nd. He would take well with and easily sway in right ways Indian character. 3rd. He is possessed of high moral aims, and there be few men in this state who could do more to elevate, care for and protect the Indian than Capt. Allen. His best friends hope he will secure the appointment. We predict that he will.

THE INDIVIDUAL SUBMERGED.

Prof. Daniel Putnam, in his baccalaureate to the Normal graduating class, an imperfect analysis of which we gave, advanced several very important ideas. Indeed, the entire discourse was pregnant with germinal thoughts. But this one especially arrested our attention. The fact that individuality is so effectually merged in collective, organized bodies. It is now company, corporation, and too often monopoly power. It is true, now and then a Vanderbilt and a Gould loom up as powerful individual forces; but it is only on account of their organizing capacity, and the fact that all the other factors in the corporations which they control are willing to yield their individualities to the direction of this one factor. Here is an immense practical force in society absolutely crushed. As the Professor suggests, this tendency is playing sad havoc in church and state, in every moral reform movement. The natural reasoning is, we have an organization to do the work, what is the use of our bothering ourselves about it? Individual responsibility is narrowed and lessened down to a practical cipher. Where and what is the remedy, Professor?

THE CONDUCT THE SERVANT OF THOUGHT.

This is another point discussed by Professor Putnam in his baccalaureate. "Right thinking produces a right and a strong manhood and womanhood." "Honest Thinking, honest living." "Don't cheat yourselves with the idea that there is no connection between the thought and behavior." It is marvelous to surface observers how sometimes a man supposed to be strong in moral power and intrenched in solid religious principles, suddenly breaks down and is exposed to the public gaze, a mass of corruption. It is not so much due to sudden impulse or temptation. The direction of this man's thought has gradually, and all unseen perhaps, been undermining his character, rooting out good principles. To the casual observer, and by profession, he or she has been manfully struggling up stream, conquering the powers of darkness; but the thoughts cherished were secretly corrupting. The conduct cannot long belie the inward thought; and all unexpectedly, like lightning from a clear sky, it is announced that he or she has fallen, disgraced, wrecked, lost. The silent overwhelming power of evil thought has too well done its work, and the good name and external good character is gone forever. Prof. Putnam did a good service in making palpable to the graduating class and audience this idea. Ministers of the gospel cannot preach upon this topic too often. Ring it out often and forcibly from your pulpits this and kindred texts: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

WON'T WORK.

Some time since Capt. Bortle had a card printed at the office of the saloon organ in this city, stating that no drunken man or minor, or party whose mother or wife should desire him to refrain from selling to, could get liquor at his saloon. Now Captain you are probably sincere, but this is a blind intended to win all the more custom by not selling

1st. To minors, who seldom have money to buy and to whom the law says you shall not sell.

2nd. To gutter drunkards, who as a rule have been squeezed dry as a sucked orange.

These are the very parties, with rare exceptions, whom the beggared, heart crushed wife or mother pleads with him to stop furnishing liquor.

This turning away the sad inebriate from the bar is to be made a meritorious act and used as a catch-net to induce other parties to buy, to raise up a bigger crop of moderate drinkers. When the moderate drinkers shall have become beggared, at the request of friends they are to be heartlessly turned away. The saloon men cannot endure the sight of a drunken man. When they have got their liquor and begin to reel and spew, they are kicked out, and the saloon keeper takes great merit in keeping a respectable dram shop. Said a saloon-keeper to us the other day, "There is nothing I abominate so much as a drunkard." And yet he is manufacturing them all the time. Grocermen don't need to advertise a certain class to whom they will not sell. Captain, these exceptional cases, the minor, the drunkard and the brutal man who is drinking himself and family penniless, abusing and maltreating the wife whom he has sworn at God's altar to love, cherish and protect, and the children who want to love and revere him as a father—to refrain from selling to them does not redeem the business, and does not shield even as respectable a citizen as you are. But you have taken out a license and must pay for it. All right if you are able. But it is too bad to induce others to pay it for you at the peril of their happiness here and in the eternal hereafter. And on what a plea! Why that there is a certain class that the law says you shall not debauch, and you propose to obey it; and again there is another class so far debauched that you are ashamed to have them around your saloon.

This card, Captain, won't do. Drum up some other. Ah, you can't do it? Abandon the business then altogether and receive the thanks of a multitude of fathers, mothers, sisters,—of all the good,—the approval of your own conscience, and of your God in that day when the good and the bad shall be solemnly judged according to "the deeds done here in the body."

"NOW WELL AND STRONG."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I wish to state that my daughter, aged 18, was pronounced incurable and was fast failing as the doctor's thought with consumption. I obtained a half dozen bottles of your "Golden Medical Discovery" for her and she commenced improving at once, and is now well and strong.

Very truly yours, Rev. ISAAC N. AUGUSTIN.

"Discovery" sold by druggists.

Men pass away, but institutions, when based upon truth and right, endure. The laborer dies, but the purposes and ideas consecrated to God last, and the inheritance is left to those who follow.

Naturally pale invalids are greatly improved in health and appearance by using Brown's Iron Bitters It strengthen's mind and body, brighten's the eyes, gives rosy cheeks, and creates a perfect picture of health, strength and beauty.

The Baptist State Convention of Georgia recently passed a resolution refusing to have any further affiliation with the American Bible Society, because of that society's "disloyalty to a faithful translation of the scriptures."

It was not that Luther had doubts in reference to Popery, but that he was sure of the wickedness of selling indulgences, and had no shadow of of doubt respecting the great doctrine of justification by faith, that made him a power in the world.

Kills the Pleasure.

Illness in the house affects the whole family in some manner. When the sickness is serious the children's laughter must be hushed, footsteps must be softened, all goes sadly and wrong. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy" stands in your doorway and says to sickness: "keep out!" It will cost you only a dollar to put the sentinel on duty, and for his faithfulness thousands can vouch. Ask your Druggists, or write to the Doctor at Rondout, N. Y. 955-2-w.

We go so much faster than our ancestors, we are developing the resources of the country, and that generally means we are destroying them. We are cutting down forests, opening mines, burning coal, in fact, acting as if the earth belonged solely to this generation, and we believe with the French king: "After us the deluge."

A Peerless Perfume.

The refreshing aroma of Floreston Cologue and its lasting fragrance make it a peerless perfume for the toilet. July

A Vigorous Growth

Of the hair is often promoted by using Parker's Hair Balsam. It always restores the youthful color and lustre to gray hair, gives it new life and removes all irritation and dandruff. July

There can be no increase in the sum of human knowledge without faith.

Eighty-Five Dollars Lost.

"You do not tell me your husband is up and entirely cured by so simple a medicine as Parker's Ginger Tonic?" "Yes indeed, I do." said Mrs. Benjamin to her neighbor, "and after we had lost eighty-five dollars in doctor's bills and prescriptions. Now my husband feels as well as ever. July

The strikes are daily looking more ominous. The iron masters, instead of staying in their offices to attend to their business, have shut up their works, and spend their time in holding conferences to discuss the alarming situation. The laborers have stopped working, and are organizing for a determined and possibly protracted abstinence from labor.

Rheumatism.

This very common and sometime quite obstinate disease manifests itself mostly in two forms—inflammatory and chronic. The former is usually brought on by exposure to cold, rough or damp weather; also from sitting or standing in cold, damp place. It may also be inherited. The larger joints of the extremities are usually the seat of the disease. It is rarely confined to one, and sometimes nearly all, either simultaneously or in turn, are effected so that often the patient can scarcely move hand or foot. There are a number of remedies that have been suggested for the relief and cure of this most painful disease, but the safest and surest remedy in the world is Dunk's Camphorated Arnica. Sold by all druggists. Fifty cents per bottle.

COLORADO EXCURSIONS.

COLORADO ROUND TRIP TOURIST TICKETS *at greatly reduced rates*, via C., B. & Q. R. R., new Chicago and Denver Through Line, good during summer months and National Mining and Industrial Exposition in September are now on sale and full particulars as to trains and rates can be obtained from any Coupon Ticket Office in the United States or Canada.

954-4-w.

That parents are beginning to find out the evils of the cast-iron system of the graded schools is the opinion of the Courier of Buffalo. "They see," it says, the health of their children jeoparded in exertions to achieve results which, so far as the true objects of education are concerned mean nothing. By and by they will perceive that live and untrammeled men and women are what is needed in our school-rooms, rather than an iron-bound machinery.

BUCHUPAIBA.

New, quick, complete cure in 4 days, urinary affections, smartings, frequent or difficult urination, kidney diseases. $1. at druggists. Mich. Depot, JAMES E. DAVIS & CO., Detroit Mich. 931-1y-alt.

The amendment of the constitution of Iowa, which was voted upon Tuesday, is in these words: "No person shall manufacture for sale, or sell, or keep for sale, as a beverage, any intoxicating liquors whatever, including ale, wine and beer. The General Assembly shall by law prescribe regulations for the enforcement of the prohibition herein contained, and shall thereby provide suitable penalties for the violation of the provisions thereof."

Free of Cost.

All persons wishing to test the merits of a great remedy—one that will positively cure Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs are requested to call at FRANK SMITH'S Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, *free of cost*, which will show you what a regular dollar-sized bottle will do. 1

PERSONAL! TO MEN ONLY!

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall Mich., will send Dr. Dyes' Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and manhood, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy relief and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. 920—971.

YPSILANTI MARKETS.

[Corrected up to the hour of Publication.

WHEAT,	$ 1 20	@	
FLOUR, XXX	7 00		
" Snow Flake	8 00	@	8 50
" Minnesota Patent	9 00		
CORN	80	@	1 00
OATS	52	@	53
BEANS	2 25	@	50
CLOVER SEED	4 25	@	4 50
TIMOTHY	2 75	—	3 00
POTATOES	1 25	@	1 50
NEW POTATOES			2 00
APPLES, per bbl	3 00	—	3 50
HONEY, cap	18	—	20
CHEESE	12	—	14
BUTTER,	16	—	18
EGGS, per doz	16	—	18
CHICKENS, per lb Spring	14	—	16
TURKEYS, " "	11	—	12
PORK, per cwt	7 50	—	8 50
" in bbls	21 00	—	
LARD	12	—	14
HAMS	14	—	16
BEEF, in quarter	5	—	5½
TALLOW		—	7½
GREEN HIDES	6½	—	7
CURED "	9	—	
DEACON SKINS	25	—	40
SHEEP PELTS	50	—	1 00
LAMB PELTS	35	—	50
HAY, per ton	12 00	—	14 00
WOOL, per lb	28	—	35
BUCKWHEAT	1 00		1 25

For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps and Pains in the Stomach, there is nothing equals Beebe's King of Pain. Price only 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. 930 1-year

ROUGH ON RATS.

The thing desired found at last. Ask your druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats mice roaches, flies, bed-bugs, 15c. boxes. 931-1y-alt.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother and relief and health to the child, acting like magic It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and it is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the in the U. S. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle. 22-1year

— I HAVE ADDED TO MY —

AGRICULTURAL STOCK

— A FULL LINE OF —

Garden AND Small Farm Tools,

Shovels, Scoops, Spades, Forks, Rakes, Hoes, Scythes, Cradles, Etc.

Which I will sell at **10 per cent less** than any other house in the city. They are the celebrated **Remington Goods** and stand in the market A, No. 1.

O. E. Thompson.

948

NEW FIRM

— At the Old Reliable —

CENTRAL MARKET

Crane & Clark,

HURON STREET, constantly keep on hand for sale,

Fresh, Salt and Smoked MEATS,

Poultry and Fish in Season.

George Crane. W. F. Clark.

946

Drugs and Medicines.

A. D. MORFORD

SUCCESSOR TO

H. VAN TUYL

At the Old Stand.

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS;

ALL of the BEST, and at LOWEST RATES.

WALL PAPER

Of All Kinds and Quality.

MIXED PAINTS.

Ready for Use.

The Celebrated

RUBBRR PAINT,

Warranted to Outlast any other Paint. Nothing equals it.

Also the

SHAKER LIQUID PAINT

Which, Price considered, surpasses all others.

PRESCRIPTIONS carefully prepared. Night Bell at the door. 950

A. WILLIAMS & Co.

A WILLIAMS & CO

THE CELEBRATED

HARPER'S BAZAR PATERNS

Always in Stock.

Try Them.

N. B.—Mr. Williams is now in the Market taking advantage of the Low Prices. Look out for Bargains next week.

A. WILLIAMS & Co.

NEW LUMBER YARD,

—WHERE YOU CAN BUY—

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, ETC.,

Cheaper than any place in the County as we do our own manufacturing.

Parson Bros. Old Stand.

911 C. H. PARKER.

CHAS. McCORMICK,

STILL SELLS MEAT

At the Depot,

Notwithstanding the reports circulated by rivals that he has closed his shop.

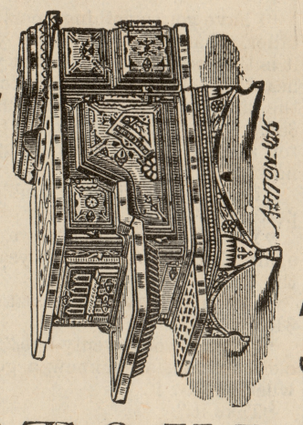
HE ALSO

UNDERSELLS ALL OTHERS.

He also sells HARNESS and HARNESS GOODS of all kinks cheap as the cheapest. Repairing promply done. 906

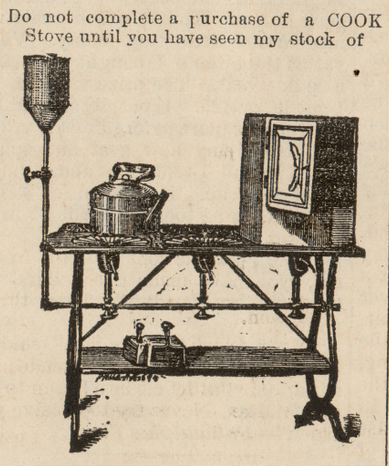
STOVES.

STOVES STOVES



STOVES.

Do not complete a purchase of a COOK Stove until you have seen my stock of



Acorn & Vapor Stoves.

BUILDER'S HARDWARE

If you are intending to **BUILD** this season, call and price HARDWARE

— AT —

SAMPSON'S

POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY, Carpenter's **TOOLS** Farming FENCE WIRE, **South Bend Pumps,** BISSEL'S CARPET SWEEPER,

J. H. Sampson,

17 Huron Street.

Ypsilanti, March 1st, 937

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

TRADE MARK — QUALITY NOT QUANTITY — PURITY — REGISTERED MAY 2d 1882

A TRUE TONIC.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS are a certain cure for all diseases requiring a complete tonic; especially Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc. Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. Acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as tasting the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Sold by all Druggists at $1.00 a bottle.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO.
Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by BROWN CHEMICAL Co. and have crossed red lines and trade mark on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

HALL'S Catarrh Cure

is Recommended by Physicians!

$100 REWARD FOR A CASE IT FAILS TO CURE!

We manufacture and sell it with a **positive guarantee that it will cure any case,** and we will forfeit the above amount if it fails in a **single instance.**

It is **unlike** any other Catarrh remedy, as it is **taken internally, acting upon the blood.** If you are troubled with this distressing disease, ask your Druggist *for* it, and ACCEPT NO IMITATION OR SUBSTITUTE. If he has not got it, send to us and we will forward immediately. Price, 75 cents per bottle.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Daughters, Wives, Mothers!

DR. J. B. MARCHISI,

UTICA, N. Y.,

Discoverer of DR. MARCHISI'S

UTERINE CATHOLICON,

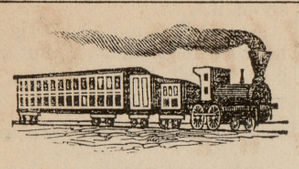
A POSITIVE CURE FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

This remedy will act in harmony with the Female system at all times, and also immediately upon the abdominal and uterine muscles, and restore them to a healthy and strong condition.

Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon will cure falling of the womb, Lucorrhœa, Chronic Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Incidental Hemorrhage or Flooding, Painful, Suppressed and Irregular Menstruation, Kidney Complaint, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. Send for pamphlet free. All letters of inquiry freely answered. Address as above.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price $1.50 per bottle. Be sure and ask for Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon. Take no other.



TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE, MARCH 26, 1882.

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	* Mail.	*Day Express	*Jackson Express	*Gr. Rap. Express	Express except Saturday.	‡Pacific Express
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Detroit---Lv	7 00	9 35	5 55	4 05	8 00	9 50
Wayne Junc	7 55	10 24	6 42	4 46	8 45	10 40
Ypsilanti ---	8 23	10 48	7 05	5 05	9 08	11 02
Ann Arbor--	8 45	11 00	7 24	5 22	9 25	11 17
Chelsea ----	9 25	-----	8 05	5 52	10 00	----
JacksonJunc	10 10	P.M.	8 55			A.M.
Jackson ----	10 20	12 15	9 00	6 55	11 05	12 45
	P.M.				A.M.	
Chicago--Ar.	6 50	7 40		----	7 30	8 00

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	* Mail.	* Day Express	Jackson Accomo.	*Gr. R. & D. Expr's	†Atlantic Express	Night Express except Sat
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Chicago--Lv	6 45	9 00	----	----	5 15	9 10
	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	A.M.
Jackson-----	3 05	4 05	7 05	9 30	12 40	5 00
Chelsea-----	3 58	-----	7 50	10 07	----	5 50
Ann Arbor--	4 37	5 07	8 25	10 34	2 04	6 25
Ypsilanti----	4 55	5 23	8 43	10 48	2 20	6 41
Wayne Junc	5 20	5 45	9 08	11 08	2 44	7 05
Detroit ---Ar	6 15	6 30	10 00	11 50	3 35	8 00

New York Express, leaves Chicago, 3-30 p.m.; Jackson 9-28; Ypsilanti, 10-41; Detroit, 11-40.

The Chicago Express leaves Detroit at 4-00 a. m, reaches Ypsilanti at 5-05, Ann Arbor 5-19. Jackson 7-02 and Chicago 2-50 p. m.

*Sunday excepted. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted. †Daily.

H. B. LEDYARD, *Gen. Manager, Detroit.*

O. G. RUGGLES, *G. P. & T. A., Chicago.*

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD—YPSILANTI BRANCH

FROM YPSILANTI. TO YPSILANTI

	Way Ft.	Ex & Mail.	STATIONS.	Ex & Mail.	Way Ft.	
	A.M.	A.M.	Leave. Arrive.	P.M.	P.M.	
	7 00	9 15	----Ypsilanti---	5 55	5 15	
	7 25	9 34	----Pittsfield ---	5 39	4 40	
	7 55	9 45	----- Saline-----	5 29	4 10	
	10 23	10 23	-- Manchester --	4 55	2 50	
P.M.	3 15	12 05	--- Hillsdale----	3 25	8 30	A.M.
	-----	8 00	Ar Chicago Dp	7 55	A.M.	
	-----	5 35	Ar Toledo Dp	10 50	-----	
	-----	10 10	Ar Cleveland Dp	7 00	-----	
A.M.	-----	3 55	Ar Buffalo Dp	12 45	-----	

Trains run by Columbus time,

Way Freight from Ypsilanti will run Mondays Wednesdays and Fridays.

Way Freight to Ypsilanti will run Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

All other trains run daily except Sunday.

COUNTY ITEMS.

CHERRY HILL.

Mrs. Avery Cleveland, Mr. Addison Cleveland of Sauk Centre, Minn., formerly of Canton, Mr. James F. Hewitt of Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. George Sailor of Amboy, Ohio. Mr. L. Lewis and Wife of Corunna. Mrs. A. Houghton of Vernon visited at Mr. and Mrs. Chester Lewis last week.

RAWSONVILLE.

Hannah Francisco, of Van Buren died June 22nd in her seventy-fifth year. She was twice married. She was the mother of ten children, only four living. She united with the M. E. church at the age of eighteen and was a consistent member until her death.

NEWCOMB ITEMS.

The prospects for corn is improving.

Bad weather for cutting hay, the crop is a very good one in this part of the town.

E. Laber's lost a little girl aged six years with scarlet fever and diphtheria July 5, and two more sick with the same.

J. Webster Childs starts on his western trip on Tuesday. He intends to go as far as Denver Colorado. God grant that he may come home much improved in health and strength.

The glorious fourth was celebrated in this town in royal style. There was a Sunday school picnic at Mr. Lowe's, and a Temperance picnic on George Bennett's lawn which was well attended. Addresses were given by Hon. J. Webster Childs and Dr. Megan. All enjoyed a good time. In the afternoon there was a supper given in the Grange Hall, which was largely attended. Addresses were given by H. Harris, J. Webster Childs and Dr. Megan, also a beautiful poem on temperance by S. P. Ballard.

Belleville Mirador.

Girls and small boys had better go to the wash tub to bathe. It will be much safer than venturing in the swift current of the treacherous river. Eva Smith and Cora Lewis while bathing in the Huron, Monday got beyond their depth and narrowly escaped drowning.

From the Courier.

Last Friday about 1 o'clock the alarm of fire in the sixth ward was given. It proved to be a house on Thayer street near North University avenue, now occupied by Mr. W. K. Childs, that was burning. The engines were soon on the spot, and as is usually the case, the lower town engine was the one to throw the first stream of water. About $1,100 damage was done before the fire was extinguished. The insurance will about cover the loss. The fire is supposed to have caught from a sheet iron chimney.

From the Argus

In the suit of Isaac N. Hidden, guardian, &c., appellant, vs. Lester Chappel, appellee, carried to the supreme court, from Wayne circuit, Albert Crane of Ypsilanti, counsel for appellee, won the case.

In addition to the Knights Templars present at the special service held at the Episcopal church Sunday evening, were Albert Crane, Mayor Scovill, P. W. Carpenter, Howard Stephenson, J. Bemis of Ypsilanti; Marcus Cook of Lima; Dr. R. E. Armstrong, Michael, J. Noyes, W. J. Knapp, J. A Palmer, Rev. Mr. Gay, H. M. Woods and F. B. Whitaker of Chelsea.

From the Saline Observer.

On Monday last Lorenzo Haight, of this place while at work on the barn of B. F. Gooding, of York, fell from a scaffold, to the barn floor, a distance of twelve feet, resulting in quite serious injury. He struck on his hip, fracturing the bone and otherwise badly bruising it. He was brought home and Dr. Watson summoned, who made the injured man as comfortable as posible. It was a narrow escape, for, had he struck on his head he would doubtless have been killed. It will lay him up for some time, which will be a serious loss to him as this is the season when his labor is in best demand. From the fact that Mr. Haight carries a wooden leg it is surprising that he has not fallen more often, as he will climb a ladder, and walk a scaffold or roof, almost equal to a man with two legs.

REAL ESTATE SALES.

Warren and F. Babcock to Wm. C. Ayers 80 acres sec. 4 York, $4000.

Wm. C. Ayers to W. Babcock, hotel property in Milan, $4.875.

W. C. Ayers to Frank Babcock, property in Milan, $1.625.

Jos. J. Pettibone to Cassie Pettibone, 100 acres sec. 20 Supeaior, $500.

James M. Chidister to Samuel Barnard, Ypsilanti city lot, $300.

John Schrader to John Hogan, Ypsi. city lot, $450.

B. T. Harris to D. W. Potter, 8 acres sec. 1 Augusta, $350.

J. W. Childs to L. R. Russell, 40 acres sec. 2 Augusta, $800.

LETTER FROM REV. J. H. SCOTT.

DAKOTA NOTES. A TRIP FRON JAMESTOWN TO GRAND RAPIDS.

EDITOR COMMERCIAL:

DEAR BRO.—It is time that my promise to write some Dakota notes for your paper should be fulfilled. I have just made the trip from Jamestown to Grand Rapids by stage. We passed down the prettily formed James river valley. You and all the rest of your readers have heard of Jamestown. It is one of the principal towns of the Northern Pacific in Dakota. It is located in a valley and is surrounded by hills that rise to the heighth of seventy-five feet. Standing on the bluffs you have a landscape view that is rarely surpassed. The hill sides are now in all their beauty of green. The town is all alive with exultant ambition. The churches, business places and residences present a most interesting picture. Few western towns have so much the air of stability and the eastern homelike look. It is universally admired. Grand Rapids is situated south of Jamestown a distance of forty-five miles. The trip occupies one day and to make the distance is a full days work. But it is worth more than ordinary exertion to see what is to be seen along the route. Part of the time the road runs in the valley, though most of the distance we travel the broad uplands. Nothing can be finer for prairie scenery than the view presented when the road brings us to the crest of the bluffs revealing the sinuous course of the view fringed with trees, the broad fertile bottom lands and the stately bluffs standing apart a distance of from one to six miles.

About twelve miles to the south of Jamestown we reach the new town of Ypsilanti. I thought the name had a familiar sound and so was not wholly unprepared to find some Michigan people there. The proprietor of this young aspirant for the honors of city life, is W. H. Colby late of Ypsilanti. He has "caught on" to Western life in true style and is more than hopeful for the future of the place. Already the store Klein & Klein is built, a residence is being built beside it, and in a short time a hotel and blacksmith shop will be erected. Now you will see that Ypsilanti has no mean start. Mr. Colby's residence is just outside of the town limits and is one of the finest dwellings in Stutsmour Co. I was delighted to find quite a handful of people from "Ypsilanti on the Huron." There was Walter Williams, John Thompson, Frank Atchinson, Joseph Peck, W. E. Moon, Louis and William Klein. To find old time friends so far from home is a special delight.

After leaving Ypsilanti, with the exception of the claim cabin, there are few buildings of any consequence in the valley until you reach Grand Rapids. This is the county seat of Lamour Co. The thing needful for this aspiring town is a Railroad. The indications at present are that she will be left entirely to herself as the three roads now projected into this section will no doubt leave her one side. She has a situation however of unsurpassed beauty. The valley here is from three to six miles wide, very level and very fertile. The soil is a black loam from one to two feet deep with a clay subsoil. Here is produced wheat, oats, potatoes, and in fact about everything to prefection with the exception of corn. Garden products are abundant, mellons, cabbages, cucumbers, peas, beans, lettuce, and radishes are grown in profusion. All that this valley needs is the labor of earnest men and it will blossom into beauty and wealth.

Mr. W. H. Colby would be only too happy to give information to eastern people concerning the town of Ypsilanti and surrounding country.

The advantages of the James river valley are easily named.

First, A fertile and at the same time gently rolling country.

Second, A population of cultured Americans. No where will you find so many of Michigan lineage in the territory as here.

Third, The valley is broad enough and long enough to make a state.

Fourth, The schools and churches are being organized and managed already.

I will add that for myself I have enjoyed beyond all expectations my trip to the west. Will my Ypsilanti friends please remember that the two years spent with them, though so filled with sickness for me and mine, and yet filled with dearest memories. The dear old First Baptist church is ever doing her work with patient fidelity. My most earnest prayers are for her prosperity. It is with pleasure that I learn that Mr. Sunderland of Iowa has accepted the pastorate.

Yours Very Truly,
J. H. SCOTT.

DR. ANGELL'S BACCALAUREATE.

I do not see how a scholar will fail to discover that the christian religion has the advantage of all other religions. I speak of actual proofs. In the last two years I have had occasion to see some of the other religions, and this afternoon I propose to show some of the proofs that christianity does for humanity that which the others do not. A few of the social, ethical and intellectual results I will present. 1. Christianity has done more than any other to cultivate, develop and strengthen fundamental truthfulness. All over Asia that high regard for truthfulness which characterizes Europe and the United States is not found, and, though we are not as truthful as we might be, still truthfulness is the keystone of our national character. Scripture denunciates the liar and public opinion heaps scorn and contempt upon him. It is an honored fruit of christianity, and proportionately as society is pure there truthfulness is found. 2. Nowhere is the condition of woman so good as among christian nations. Nothing grieves a traveler in a non-christian land like her lamentable condition there. She is the drudge of man, and only where the gospel shines is she considered the companion of man and a being with a soul. 3. Want of charity, public and private, for relief of the poor and suffering in non christian lands. It is not for the want of the poor and suffering, for they are found everywhere, nor are sympathetic hearts wanting, but they have never been developed. 4. All other religions tend to absolutism. The rights of the individual are not recognized. In Asia there is no individualism. The government is on the top and the individual on the bottom. The new testament is the great charter of human rights, and this doctrine of civil liberty is most secure where the doctrine of the new testament is most accepted. 5 None of them have any well-defined system of international law. The fundamental condition of international law is a regard for the rights of the nation, as was taught by Paul on Mars Hill; and this they do not have, and even now we do not admit them into full reciprocacy.

SICK-HEADACHE.

Mrs. J. C. Henderson, of Cleveland, Ohio writes: "The use of two of Dr. Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' a day, for a few weeks, has entirely cured me of sick-Headache, from which I formerly suffered terribly, as often, on an average, as once in ten days." Of all druggists.

On what should religion be founded if not on faith: Shakespeare has well said:

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt."

A Travelers's Story.

After spending months at watering places and consulting the best physicians without benefit I returned home disheartened and expected to die. A friend urged a trial of Parker's Ginger Tonic. Three bottles and careful diet have brought me excellent health and spirits, and I hope my experience may benefit similar sufferers.—Cincinnati lady. July

The Keystone of Health.

How can you expect to feel well, or even enjoy life, when you go about with a hacking cough? The fool, in his wisdom, says there is no cure for it, but the wise man hies him to Frank Smith's drug store and gets a bottle of Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure, and at once gets well. A trial bottle costs nothing. 4

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by Fred Ingram.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranted to cure you. For sale by Fred Ingram.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS made misserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure if a remedy for you. For sale by Fred Ingram.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasel Injector free.

For lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale by INGRAM.

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. Sold by Fred Ingram.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Fred Ingram.

CROOP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Ingram 941 1 year alt.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tette, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles. It is guaranteed to give perfect Satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 Cents per Box. For Sale by Frank Smith. 908–1y

Cancer Cured!

I have been afflicted with cancer of the side of my head and face for a number of years. I first tried various remedies that were suggested by neighbors, but was only injured by them. I next employed three different so-called cancer doctors, one after another, with much more injury than benefit. By this time the disease had reached my right eye, which was soon after removed by Dr. Frothingham at Ann Arbor. After this I was under treatment of the faculty of the Michigan University for nearly two years, growing continually worse till the flesh was nearly all eaten off of the side of my head. The bone was eaten away above my temple so as to leave a portion of my brain entirely naked. The cavity of the removed eye was filled up with cancerous growth; and bones of the face, and joint of the jaw, and the right ear, were destroyed. The disease penetrated through the cheek into my mouth. In this condition I heard of Dr. DeCou, 254 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. I applied to him with little hope. He removed the entire cancer and the diseased bones. The injury is nearly healed and doing finely. My general health is good. I earnestly advise all who are afflicted with cancer to consult Mr. DeCou without delay. Any person wishing proof of the above facts can call on me for five days from date at 354 Woodard Ave., up stairs.

(Signed) DAVID HINCKMAN,
Detroit, June 19th, 1882. Three Rivers, Mich.
947-12-w

SAD ACCIDENT.

Mr. OSCAR CRAIGG Blown up by a Premature blast in the Rosendale Cement Quarry—DESTRUCTION of an EYE—Its Subsequent Removal by Surgical Operation.

Mr. Oscar Craigg was foreman in a cement quarry at Rosendale, Ulster Co., N. Y. By an explosion one day in the quarry he lost an eye—lost it totally. Under the impression that the matter was less serious the local physician told Mr. Craigg that his eye was not lost but could be saved by treatment. The experiment was tried and failed. Worse remained behind, for he was in danger of loosing the other also, through sympathetic inflamation. In this strait he consulted **Dr. David Kennedy**, of Rondout, N. Y., who told him the injured eye must be taken out to save the other. To this Mr. Craigg demurred, and went back home in doubt. His local physician said: "Go to New York." To New York the patient went, and one of the most eminent oculists in the in the country, having looked at the case said: "You have lost one eye entirely; go back and do what you can for the other." Briefly, **Dr. Kennedy** removed the ruined eye and treated Mr. Craigg with **"Kennedy's Favorite Remedy"** to build up the system, and the result was successful.

Dr. Kennedy's great success as a Surgeon is due to the use of **"Favorite Remedy"** in the after treatment.

Are you troubled with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Constipation or derangement of the Kidneys and Bladder? then use **Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy."** It will not disappoint you. **Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy"** for sale by all druggists. 951-5-w

STEKETEE'S

PIN WORM DESTROYER

Sure Cure. Never was Known to Fail.

Many cured by the use of One Bottle. Perfectly safe and harmless. For sale by all Druggists; price, 25 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.

GEORGE G. STEKETEE,
Sole Proprietor,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
949-3m

VISITORS

—TO—

DETROIT

Or any one about to BUY

FURNITURE

Will ALWAYS find with US a

LARGER STOCK

— AND —

BETTER VARIETY

Of Goods than any like concern in the city.

Chamber Suits, Parlor Suits, Side Boards, Extension Tables, Hall Racks, Desks, Mantel and Pier Mirrors, Spring Beds, Mattresses, Chairs, etc.

We can furnish the most ELEGANT MANSION or the PLAINEST COTTAGE.

Considering our VERY LARGE ESTABLISHMENT, the enormous business we carry on, and our facilities for such, **our Expenses are the Lowest.**

WE ARE

UNDERSOLD NEVER.

KECK, WINTERHALTER & Co.

195, 197, 199,

Woodward Avenue,

DETROIT.

947-6m

AND I CAN PROVE IT!

That my Stock of **Wall Paper, Ceiling Paper and Decorations,** in Quantity, Quality, **Variety,** and **Low Prices,** offers Greater Advantages to Purchasers than can be found in any other Retail Store in the County. I have enough to

PAPER THE WHOLE OF YPSILANTI

And the Adjoining Territory, and I only ask for a little of the time of those desiring such goods to SATISFY them that this statement is correct. Please don't forget that the **Emporium** is the Head Quarters still. It is worse crowded with Seasonable and Beautifnl Goods than ever before. Be sure and bring your

PICTURES to the EMPORIUM

And see how **Cheaply** and Beautifully they can be **Framed.** Please look in at the EMPORIUM and SEE what you will see. Wall Paper and Paints **DELIVERED** to any part of the city.

FRANK SMITH.

Geo. Fuller & Son,

MANUFACTURERS OF

SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS.

Window and Door Screens

A SPECIALTY.

Get Our Prices Before Purchasing.

SHOP IN NORRIS BLOCK DEPOT, Ypsilanti, Mich.

$72 a WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co, Augusta, Maine

Gough, Cold or Sore Throat

Should be stopped. Neglect often results in an **incurable lung disease or consumption BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES** do not disorder the stomach like cough syrup and balsams, but **act directly on the inflamed parts,** allaying irritation, give relief in **Asthma, Bronchitis' Coughs, Catarrh,** and the **Throat Troubles** which **Singers and Public Speakers** are subject to. For thirty years Brown's Bronchial Troches have been recommended by physicians, and have always given perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well merrited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at 25 cents a box everywhere. 922 1y

New Advertisements.

EVERY ONE STUDYING MUSIC Will Get valuable Information FREE by sending for circular to E. TOURJEE, Boston, Mass.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. $5 outfit free. **G. W. INGRAHAM & CO.,** Boston Mass. 954-4w

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

PILES! PILES!!
Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment
For Internal, External, Itching, Blind or Bleeding Piles.
It acts promptly, is readily absorbed into system, healing the diseased organs, convenient apply, satisfactory in results and causes no unpleasantness. **Price 50 Cents.** 931 1y

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the recipt for a simple **Vegetable Balm** that will remove **Tan, Freckles, Pimples** and **Blotches,** leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3c. stamp, **Ben. Vandelf & Co.,** 1 Barclay St., N. Y. 937 1-yr.

Benson's —AWARDED— Capcine 6 Porous —MEDALS.— Plaster.

The Best Known Remedy for

Backache or Lame Back.
Rheumatism or Lame Joints.
Cramps or Sprains.
Neuralgia or Kidney Diseases.
Lumbago, Severe Aches or Pains
Female Weakness.

Are Superior to all other Plasters,
Are Superior to Pads.
Are Superior to Liniments.
Are Superior to Ointments or Salves.
Are superior to Electricity or galvanism
They Act Immediately.
They Strengthen.
They Soothe.
They Relieve Pain at Once.
They Positively Cure.

CAUTION. Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25c. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

C. LINGEMANN & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS AND WALKING CANES,

26 Monroe Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Have just opened the latest Novelties in Parasols.

The largest assortment ever shown. Elegant goods at the lowest prices. The ladies are invited to inspect our large stock.

Umbrellas and Parasols made to order, covere and repaired. 950–3m

Michigan Central Railroad.

Routes and Rates for

Summer Tourist Tickets

— TO —

MACKINAC, MARQUETTE, DULUTH, SAULT ST. MARIE

AND TO POINTS ON THE

Mackinac Division M. C. R. R.

Tickets on sale June 1st to Sept. 30th, and are good to return until October 31st.

Stop-over checks will be issued on all Tourist Tickets north of and including Saginaw.

☞ The rates quoted for Tickets reading via the Lake Superior Transit Co., and by the Lake Michigan and Lake Superior Transportation Co., INCLUDE MEALS AND BERTHS. On Tickets via the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Co., Steamer "City of Cleveland," an EXTRA CHARGE FOR MEALS AND BERTHS will be made.

Tickets must be stamped at destination before return journey is begun.

F. I. WHITNEY, A. G. P. & T. A. **O. W. RUGGLES,** G. P. & T. A.
950–2

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous DEBILITY, PREMATURE DECAY, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence. 937 1-yr.
JOHN B. OGDEN 42 Ceder St., New York

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a cure **Cure** for **Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis,** &c. Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON; 194 Henn St. Williamsburgh, N. Y. 937 1-yr.

is the **BEST** made. **ALL** the **Chicago Parks** use them **EXCLUSIVELY.** Use or sell no other, or you will regret it. Fully **warranted** in every respect. For sale at wholesale or retail by

GENERAL WESTERN AGENTS,
HIRAM SIBLEY & CO. 209-206 Randolph St. Chicago
LAWN MOWERS REPAIRED.

We keep every variety of Tool for the Lawn or Garden. Send for illustrated catalogue, **FREE.**

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO.
SEEDSMEN,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., and CHICACO, ILL.
to 957,

Ypsilanti Commercial.

C. R. PATTISON, PUBLISHER.

THE LAST OF GUITEAU.

He Cries and Denounces President Arthur and the Newspapers.

The event so long waited for has transpired, and Guiteau has seen the last of earth. The assassin of President Garfield ended his life on the gallows at 12:40 p. m. on the 30th of June, in pursuance of the sentence of the court. His conduct was characteristic to the last. He still claimed the fact of his inspiration, that he acted "as God's man," and exulted in the belief that he was going home to glory. As the dread hour approached, however, he betrayed nervousness, showed extreme pallor of countenance, and sought ways to divert his mind from the scene before him. He ate a hearty breakfast, and a still more hearty dinner, which he relished well, and at 10 o'clock called for a bath, which was given by means of a tub brought into his cell. Shortly before 12 o'clock Guiteau seemed to break down completely, and burst into tears and sobbed hysterically. Dr. Hicks sat by his side fanning him and vainly trying to calm him.

At 10 o'clock militiamen arrived at the jail and were posted along the roadway outside the building. In addition to the regular jail guard, all available men of battery C, 2d United States infantry were on duty outside the jail.

At 11 o'clock, contrary to general expectation and her purpose as expressed previously, Mrs. Scoville arrived at the jail and besought admission. She appeared to be laboring under great excitement. Gen. Crocker declined to admit her unless the prisoner specially requested it. John W. Guiteau who was sitting in the rotunda at the time, was informed that his sister was upon the outside and at first started to go to her, but after a moment's hesitation decided not to interfere, saying "I will leave the whole matter with General Crocker."

At 11:35 a detachment of infantry was formed on the east side of the rotunda and brought their muskets to parade rest. At that time about 250 people were in the rotunda. Dr. Hicks was with the prisoner engaged in prayer. The procession moved quickly to the scaffold, and Guiteau ascended the somewhat steep steps with as much steadiness as could be expected from a man whose arms were tightly pinioned. At the last step he faltered for a moment, but was assisted by officers who walked upon either side. Upon reaching the platform, Guiteau was placed immediately behind the drop facing to the front of the scaffold. As the crowd had struggled in Warden Crocker waved his hand for all to uncover their heads when Mr. Hicks made a prayer. The doomed man then read selections from the Bible, from Matthew 10:28–41, and then made what he called his dying prayer on the gallows:

GUITEAU'S PRAYER.

"Father, now I go to thee and the Savior. I have finished the work thou gavest me to do, and Iam only too happy to get to Thee. The world does not yet appreciate my mission but thou knowest it. Thou knowest thou didst inspire Garfield's removal and only good has come from it. This is the best evidence, that inspiration came from thee, and I have set it forth in my book that all men may read and may know that Thou, Father, didst inspire the act for which I am murdered. This government and nation by this act, I know, will incur thy eternal enmity, as did the Jews by killing thy man, my Savior. The retribution in that case came quick and sharp and I know thy divine law of retribution will strike this nation and my murderers in the same way. The diabolical spirit of this nation, its government and its newspapers toward me will justify Thee in cursing them, and I know that Divine retribution is inexorable. I, therefore, predict that this nation will go down in blood and my murderers from the executive to the hangman will go to hell. Thy laws are inexorable. Oh, thou supreme judge, woe unto the men that violate thy laws; only weeping and gnashing of teeth awaits them. The American press has a large bill to settle with Thee, righteous Father, for their vindictiveness in this matter. Nothing but blood will satisfy them, and now my blood be on them and this nation and its officials. Arthur, the President, is a coward and an ingrate. His ingratitude to the man that saved him and his party and the land from overthrow has no parallel in history. But Thou righteous Father wilt judge him. Father, Thou knowest me, but the world hath not known me and now I go to thee and the Savior without the slightest ill will toward a human being. Farewell, ye men of earth."

He prayed in a loud and distinct tone, betraying some emotion when he referred to President Arthur and said the nation would "go down in blood." After this he read a poem which he said he had written at 10 o'clock, which he thought, had only to be set to music to be made effective. He conceived of it as the babbling of a child to his papa and mamma. It ran thus:

GUITEAU'S POETRY.

am going to the Lordy,
am so glad;
am going to the Lordy
am so glad;
am going to the Lordy,
Glory hallelujah, glory hallelujah!
am going to the Lordy;
love the Lordy with all my soul,
Glory hallelujah,
And that is the reason I am going to the Lordy,
Glory hallelujah, glory hallelujah,
I am going to the Lord—

Here Guiteau's voice failed and he bowed his head and broke into sobs, but he rallied a little and went on with his chant—

I saved my party and my land, glory hallelujah;
But they have murdered me for it and that is the reason I am going to the Lordy,
Glory hallelujah, glory hallelujah, I am going to the Lordy.

Here again his feelings overcame him and he leaned his head on the shoulder of Dr. Hicks and sobbed pitifully. Stil he went on.

"I wonder what I will do when I get to the Lordy,
I guess that I will weep no more when I get to the Lordy.
Glory hallelujah."

Here there was another interruption caused by sobs and emotion, which he was unable to repress. He wept bitterly, and with quivering lips and mournful tones he went on to finish his ditty.

"I wonder what I shall see
When I get to the Lordy—
I expects to see most splendid things beyond all earthly conception
When I am with the Lordy,
Glory Hallelujah, (raising his voice to the highest pitch that he could command),
Glory Hallelujah,
Iam with the Lord."

At once the attendants pinioned Guiteau's legs, adjusted the noose and placed the black cap over his head, he meanwhile, calling out "Glory, Glory, Glory." Instantly the spring was touched, the drop fell and Guiteau swung in the air. The body turned partly around but there was not the slightest perceptible motion of the limbs. When the drop fell a yell was sent up by some persons inside the jail. This was re-echoed outside by a thousand or more people, who hurrahed lustily. There was a general onslaught by the populace upon the jail door and the officers were unable to withstand it, and hundreds of people crowded into the office. For about 40 seconds the body hung motionless; then there was a slight motion of the shoulders and legs from muscular contraction. In three minutes the body was taken down to be examined by physicians. There was some action of the heart for 14 minutes, and of the pulse two minutes longer. The doctors found the neck to be broken. Their autopsy showed the brain, heart and lungs all to have been in normal condition and healthy. The body was viewed by the crowds of spectators passing in line, John W. Guiteau who remained at the foot of the scaffold at the time of the execution, standing by the remains to fan away the flies. He says the body will be buried in the jail yard, near the scaffold. Mrs Scoville will return to view the remains at another time. Dr. Hicks took possession of Guiteau's books. Curiosity hunters were plentiful, and offers of large sums of money for mercenary ends are said to have been rejected. Among all classes at Washington there was a general feeling of relief over the removal of the assassin. Many business houses were closed, and the city wore more of a holiday appearance than anything savoring of sympathy for the assassin of Garfield.

Insurance.

The subject of storm insurance is brought up about once a year, when the tornadoes have made their annual visitations in April, May and June, and just now it is especially talked of in connection with the cyclone that swept over central Iowa a week ago. There is no very obvious reason why damages from storms on land may not be insured against as well as those which come from storms upon the water. It is the same force of wind that wrecks a vessel and unroofs a house, and the waterspout is evidence that the cyclone travels on the ocean as well as on the prairie. The ordinary fire policy only covers loss that actually comes by fire. If a house is blown down and then burned, the insurance company pays no more than the house was worth after it was blown down and before the fire took it. Some companies issue policies which cover damage by lightning, even when there is no fire, and the next step will be to insure against damage from wind, hail and rain.—*Ex.*

WHERE TO SIT.—As we take our lives in our hand every day we step on board a railway car, it is well to know which is the place of greatest security in the train. The car nearest the engine is exposed to the least dust, and the rear car of a train is generally safer than the front car. The safest is probably the last car but one in train of more than two cars; that is, there are fewer chances of accidents to this than any other. If it is a way train at moderate speed, or any train standing still, a collision is possible from another train in the rear, in which the last car receives the first shock. Again, the engine and the front cars of a train will often run over a broken rail, or a cow, or stone, without detriment, while the last car, having nothing to draw it into the line of the train, is free to leave the track. Next to the forward car, the rear car is probably the most unsafe in the train. The safest seat is probably near the center of the last car but one. Unfortunately, however, everybody cannot have that seat, and the majority must still run risks.

Chicoree or pinked ruches of heavy silk trim the foot of the cashmere dresses that are made for seaside resorts. Embroidery of the same color and flounces of silk lace are added by way of further garniture, and there is then nothing in the whole costume that will shrink in the moist atmosphere.

Lace pins have the manogram worked in tiny diamonds and emeralds.

The Interior of the Earth.

That the interior of the earth is the seat of intense heat is a familiar truth. Volcanic phenomena give us ocular demonstration of it. Mining experiences, moreover, have furnished us with an almost uniform rate at which the heat increases, and this is generally computed to be about one degree Fahrenheit for every 55 feet of descent. But mining experiences are necessarily very limited. The deepest mine in England, that of the Rosebridge colliery near Wigan, takes us down only 2,445 feet, and to a temperature not much exceeding 90 degrees Fahrenheit. It is hot enough to make the work exceedingly trying to the miners, but that is all. This, however is, (so to speak) scarcely traversing the earth's epidermis. But if we may assume a uniform increase of heat in descending, the temperature at a depth of fifty miles may be expressed in figures as 4,800 degrees Fahrenheit. In other words at less than an eigth of the distance which lies between the circumference of the earth and its center, the heat would be about 22 times the heat of boiling water at the sea level. Proportionate figures, might, of course, express the heat at greater depths still, but figures fail to convey any idea to the mind of that which must necessarily transcend all imagination. Suffice it to say, that in a decending series we must eventually come to a heat so great that no substance with which we are acquainted could, under any conditions which we can imagine, exist in it in either solid or fluid form. And we conclude therefore, that if the earth's center be not itself in a gaseous condition (and there is reason to think that it may not be so) there must be a gaseous zone somewhere between a solid center and a solid circumference. '*Facilis Descensus Averni*' is proverbially treated as a truism. But if the classic authors are to be our guides, and if in the center of our planet Acherontian Shades and Elysian Fields are to be localized, there will be found practical difficulties of access which might well discourage even so substantial a personage as a ghost. Nor can the all powerful imagination accomplish the descent with any approach to ease. The distance we may suppose to be nearly 4,300 miles; but along a line of this length, connecting the surface of the earth with its center, we may safely assume that conditions would vary greatly, and (since heat and pressure have to be ballanced one against the other) probably by no means uniformly. We can measure the power of pressure upon the surface, but in the nether depths its power is in part open to conjecture, nor can we say how soon we may reach a debatable zone, at which the expansiveness of heat may overcome the compressive force of gravitation. Nor, again, could we venture to expect to find that zone itself always at a uniform depth. Here and there it seems to approach the surface. The volcano is natures safety-valve, and the cavernous rumbles of the earthquake warn us that there are imprisoned gases beneath our feet, which pressure but imperfectly prevents from escaping. Upon other grounds also it is quite evident that our experience, limited as it is to the surface of the earth, may tend to mislead us in regard to what lies beneath the surface; for if pressure increased uniformly with depth, the average density of the earth would be much greater than what, upon astronomical data, we know it to be. The earth as a whole, is about five and a half times as heavy as it would be if it were entirely composed of water; or, technally expressed, the density of water is one, and the mean density of the globe is five and a half. But five and a half is only about double the density of rock matter upon the surface; whereas, if nothing but steadily increasing pressure be supposed, it would vastly exceed this. There is, therefore, only one possible explanation. Heat, intense heat, somewhere or other, overcomes pressure and converts everything into gas; and if it were in our power to try experiments, and to feed the subterranean crucibie, with the most intractable substance—asbestos, fire-proof safes, or what we will—all would there share the same fate—instant evanescence.

The Wicked District Telegraph Messenger.

Yes, little boys, it is very naughty to be naughty, and if you do what you are told not to do you will in the end wish you had not, and you will not find anything in the story papers to console you either.

Listen to this story of a District Telegraph messengers, and how his sins laid him out.

Like all District Telegraph messengers, he was a very bad little boy. His uniform was always dirty, and he smelled of fish and cabbage, and he never took his hat off in the house, and he always left parcels at the wrong addresses, and he never knew where any place was, and he was rude and uncivil.

But one day a wise old gentleman sent him to a watchmaker's with an order for a little parcel, and told him to hurry up, and to ride both ways. So the boy went quickly and got the parcel and put it in his trowsers pocket. He thought it was a watch. But it was a pedometer.

A pedometer is an instrument that registers every step you take. And this pedometer commenced registering right off, just as the boy commenced letting himself out.

First the boy went three blocks out of his way to see a safe hoisted to the third story of a building. And the pedometer registered that little trip. Then he met some other messenger-boys and played tag for a while. And the pedometer kept on registering. Then he saw a policeman taking a drunken man to the station, and he joined the procession for a few blocks. And the pedometer was right on hand with its little register. Then he met some more messenger-boys and they had a nice little game of tag. And every time he went over another's boy's back, the pedometer registered.

And when he was quite ready, he returned to the old gentleman and gave him the parcel, and said he had ridden both ways, and that the watchmaker had kept him waiting.

But the old gentleman was a scientific old gentleman, and when he looked at the pedometer, he was so much interested in the phenomenal record the boy had made, that he went around and told the company about it, and kept on worrying the company, until now that boy has more time than he wants to play tag and leap-frog and get larruped by his kind parents.

Boys, be good, and don't fool with pedometers.—*Puck.*

A Western Drover's Story.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and live miles and miles away upon the Western prairie. There wasn't a house within sight when I moved there, my wife and I, and now we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as I ever saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry-goods before I came back, and, above all, a doll for our youngest, Dolly. She had never had a store doll of her own—only the rag babies her mother had made her.

Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to buy a big one. Nobody but a parent can understand how full my mind was of that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper, and tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up. Then, late as it was, I started for home. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's praises about her doll.

I was mounted on a steady-going old horse, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down as dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the darkest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way, through, I remembered it so well; and when the storm that had brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents. I was five miles, or may be six, from home.

I rode fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice! I stopped short and listened—I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing; all was dark as pitch. I got down and felt around in the grass—called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares and rob and murder me. I am not superstitious—not very; but how could a real child be out in the prairies in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself in most men showed itself to me then, but once more I heard the cry, and said I:

"If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing, that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and I mounted and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mamma. It seemed so tired, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the dooryard I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dead fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amid them weeping.

When she saw me she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him," she said. "It will kill him."

"What is it neighbors?" I cried.

"Nothing now, I hope—what's that in your arms?"

"A poor, lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my Dolly.

It was my darling, and none other that I had picked up on the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet papa and the doll, while her mother was at work, and they were lamenting her as one dead. I thanked heaven on my knees before them.

It is not much of a story neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

That's Dolly, yonder with her mother in the meadow, a girl worth saving—I think—(but then I'm her father, and partial, may be) the prettiest and sweetest thing this side of the Mississippi.—*Selected.*

A late fancy in decorating sleeves places one bow of ribbon just below the elbow, and another on the upper arm two and a half inches below the shoulder and arm-hole seam. This device breaks the long trying line of a tight sleeve between the arm-hole and the elbow.

Mary Jane Tells About the Spice Cows.

They had lots of cows, the Spicers had—and they passed most of their time in our garden. The reason they didn't stay in the pasture was because the fences were all broken down; for the Spicers were the most shiftless folks in Tuckertown. Why I cared about the cows was because I had to drive 'em out.

Well, one day, Grandpa said:

"If those cows get into my corn again, I'll drive 'em to the pound."

"What's the pound?" asked Dot.

"It's a pen," said Grandpa, "where you can drive any cattle you find on your land, and the owner can't get them out without paying a fine."

"Oh, I think that's elegant!" said I. "I know lots of people's cows I should like to get into the pound."

When Grandpa went out, I said I would go and tell Sarah Spicers just what he had said.

"Now, Mary Jane, you just stay where you are. You want your fingers in everybody's pies." It was Aunt Jane—you might know—who said that.

I might have answered that she was so sparing with hers (especially mine) that I never could touch them. But I didn't. I often think of real smart things, and it's mean that I can't say them.

But I declare, there is never any use at all in my arguing with Aunt Jane; for, when I get the best of her, she always stiffens up and says: "There, that will do, Mary Jane! Not another word!"

Besides, it isn't right to answer back. So I just said nothing, but took Dot and marched straight off to the Spicers'.

We found Sarah and Sam playing in front of their house.

"Howd' ye do, Mary Jane?" said she.

"Howd' ye do, Miss Spicers?" said I.

"Mercy me, Mary Jane! what airs!" said she. "It's no use to put 'em on here in Tuckertown, I can tell you, for folks know all about you."

"There, that will do," said I, as like Aunt Jane as ever I could. "I only came over here to tell you that we are going to have your cows put in the pound, the very next time we find 'em in our garden."

"Poh!" cried out that Hop-o'-my-thump of a Sam. "Your grandfather has said so, lots of times, but he never does."

"Doesn't dare to!" snapped Sarah.

I was just boiling mad. The idea of my being treated so by those low Spicers!

"Dare to?" said I. "I wonder who you think would be afraid of such a poor, shiftless set?"

And then I took Dot's hand, and just ran for home, so as not to give Sarah a chance to have the last word.

Oh, but don't I 'spise her!

Well, that afternoon, Dot and I were in the barn playing with all our might, when Aunt Jane screamed out:

"Mary Jane! Mary Jane! The cows are in the garden. Run and drive them out."

"It's too bad!" cried Dot. "Those Spicers' cows spoil all our fun."

"I'll tell you what," said I, after I had shoo'd them into the road. "I'm going to drive 'em right up to the pound. I'll show that Sarah Spicers ——!"

"Why, Mary Jane Hunt!" cried silly Dot. "What'll Grandpa say? I won't go."

"Say? Why, that he is much obliged to me." Dot trotted after me, as meek as a lamb.

It wasn't far to the pound, but there was one cow and her calf that wouldn't hurry, and, besides, we walked very slowly along the sunny parts of the road and rested every time we came to a shady place; so it was late in the afternoon when we left the pound, and turned to come home.

We came quite a distance by the road, and then through Mr. Hall's cornfield and the woods beyond, and right out in the Spicers' pasture. Dot and I noticed that there was only one cow left now in the pasture.

"I hope Sarah and Sam will have a good time hunting after the others, and good enough for 'em," said I. "Perhaps her father is just scolding her now for letting 'em stray away."

"Well, he isn't, for there is now." Dot pointed, and I saw Sarah in the swing on the butternut tree in front of their house, and her father was swinging her up ever so high.

When she saw us she jumped out and ran to the fence.

"Hope you'll find your cows to-night, Sarah," said I.

"You had better go for 'em," chimed in Dot.

"Hope you'll find yours," retorted Sarah. "If you don't keep 'em out of our garden, we are going to drive 'em to the pound."

"Te, he" giggled Sam.

Although we hurried so, it was late when we got home. We were afraid that supper would be all over, and Aunt Jane would scold us for being late. But though the table was set, and Grandpa was home from work, no one had sat down to it.

"Been waiting for the milk," said Aunt Jane. "But, la, it's no use to wait any longer. I'll use morning's milk."

"Yes," said Grandpa, who was washing his hands at the sink. "Do let's have supper. Children, have you seen the cows?"

"Why, no," I answered, "not ours, but Dot and I drove the Spicers' cows up to the pound."

"Those that were in our garden?" demanded Aunt Jane, looking straight at me.

I nodded.

"Well, of all the little mischief-makers! Those were our cows."

"My gracious, goodness me!" said I; "and Grandpa's got to pay a fine to get his own cows out of the pound! Oh dear! I do hope Sarah Spicers won't find ou about it."

And so Dot and I had to go to bed an hour earlier than usual, but Sarah Spicers doesn't know anything about it.—*St. Nicholas.*

How Wicked We Am.

"How wicked we am when we sot down and fink it ober," said Brother Gardner as the voice of the triangle struck the hour of 7. "While I keep tryin' to believe in Heaben, I keep wonderin' how any of us will eber git dar We mus' not envy, an' yit we do envy We mus' not b'ar false witness, an' yit we am foreber stretchin' de truf. We mus' not lie, an' yit it comes so handy dat we can't help it. We mus' not steal, an'—an' some of us don't. Dat is, we doan' get inter a posishun to handle de funds. We mus' be jealous, an' yit when de woman across de way, whose husband airns $6 per week, sails out wid fo' new bonnets a y'ar, am it human natur' fur my ole woman to look arter her an' not wish she had hold of her back ha'r? We mus' not sw'ar, an yit what am I to do when I strike the eand of a sidewalk plank wid my fut, or whack my thumb wid de hammer? Am it to be supposed dat I will calmly sot down an' sing a gospel hymn?

"When we trade hosses wid a man, we cheat him. When a man wants to borry a dollah of us, we lie to him. We play keerds, dance, go to de theater an' circus, an' we doan' turn our backs on a dog-fight. I tell you we am all poo', weak human bein's, an' eben while we flatter ourselves dat we am slidin' 'long to'rds Heaben at de rate of a mile a minute, we am all ready to pass a lead nickel on a street kyar company, or pocket de $5 bill foun' in de post-office. When I sot down at night an' pull off my butes an' put my feet in de oven an' git to thinkin' of how hard I try to be good, an' how pow'ful easy it is to be bad, I become so absorbed in my thoughts dat de ole woman has to hit me on de ear wid a 'tatter to bring me back to airth an' start me out arter an armful of wood. Gem'len, let us continer to try to be angels, but let us count on wrestlin' wid Satan about fo'ty times a day, an' on bein' frown flat on our backs ebery blessed time.—*Free Press.*

Mary's Lamb on a New Principle.

Mollie had a little ram as black as a rubber shoe, and everywhere that Mollie went he emigrated too.

He went with her to church one day—the folks hilarious grew to see him walk demurely into Deacon Allen's pew.

The worthy deacon quickly let his angry passions rise, and gave it an unchristian kick between the sad brown eyes.

This landed rammy in the aisle; the deacon followed fast, and raised his foot again; alas! that first kick was his last.

For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back, about a rod 't is said, and ere the deacon could retreat he stood him on his head.

The congregation then arose and went for that 'ere sheep; several well-directed butts just piled them in a heap.

Then rushed they straightway for the door with curses long and loud, while rammy struck the hindmost man and shoved him through the crowd.

The minister had often heard that kindness would subdue the fiercest beast. "Aha!" he said. "I'll try that game on you."

And so he kindly, gently called: "Come rammy, rammy, ram; to see the folks abuse you so I grieve and sorry am."

With kind and gentle words he came from that tall pulpit down, saying: "Rammy, rammy, ram—best sheepy in town."

The ram quite dropped its humble air, and rose from off his feet, and when the parson landed he was behind the hindmost seat.

As he shot out the door and closed it with a slam, he named a California town—I think 'twas "Yuba Dam."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Work of the U. S. Fish Commision.

Some extensive shipments of young shad and herring were recently made by the Fish Commission from Washington. One million shad and two million herring were sent to Austin, Texas, where they were placed in the Colorado River; three hundred thousand shad to Farmville Va., to stock the waters of the Appomattox; three hundred thousand to South Carolinia; three hundred thousand to the Rappahannock River; and three hundred thousand to the Upper Potomac, at Harper's Ferry. The young fish were transported in closed pails, each holding from twenty thousand, to twenty-five thousand fish. The Quantico fishery which has just been discontinued, the shad having moved further up the river, netted alone over three million shad and sixty million herring. The Fish Hawk, the government vessel stationed at Quantico, under the command of Captain Tanner, goes to the Susquehanna fishery, just below Harve de Grace. Up to the present time there have been shipped this year and deposited about six million shad. The work of the entire season will probably embrace the distribution of nearly eighty million shad, and countless millions of herrings.—*Scientific American.*

Gus Singsaldy is as deaf as a post. During one of the cold days last winter a friend told him he would freeze his ears if he did not protect them in some way. "Suppose they do freeze," said Singsaldy, "what harm will that do, they're no good."

THROUGH NIGHT TO LIGHT.

Thy love, dear heart, till closed thy lenten years,
Illumed my being with its tender flame.
It was no flickering light that went and came.
Constant it shone through varying hopes and fears,
Undimmed by sorrow and unquenched by tears.
Though it hath vanished from the earth away,
And left a deeper shadow on the day,
Death does not hide it; for, as one who peers
Into the dark, bewildered, and descries
A guiding lamp within the casement set,
Knowing it homeward leads his weary feet,
So I, with yearning heart and wistful eyes,
As in a vision wonderful and sweet,
Beyond the grave behold it shining yet.

ALBERT LAIGHTON.

BITTER-SWEET.

A symphony of sound and light and scent. A voice of many birds twittering delicately to each other from newly built nests, amid boughs that swayed to and fro in the wind, and shook their latest buds into leaf and blossom. In to the woodland from far below came a murmur of waves trailing on a shingly beach, and mingling with this murmur, the talk and laughter of the fishermen mellowed by distance. Right down through the sloping woodland a brooklet leaped tinkling and gurgling to the sea.

The dim fragrance and dappled lights and pleasant sounds of the day made a three-fold joy to a young girl who stood beneath the trees in the April noon. She stood on a part of the slope whence the trees had drawn back a little, and the light fell about her just beyond the verge of the shadow. Round her feet were dead leaves and living flowers, and soft green mosses full of the sweet rain that had fallen all the previous night. With one hand she shaded her eyes, the other was uplifted to tend back a branch which had barred the open space. Her hair was blown in a brown cloud about her face, and her hazel eyes shone with a serious joy beneath the shading hand.

For the first time in her life she was tasting that singular gladness which comes to mind and body, when alone with nature in Spring, after a long illness. To this full content of hers, all the long hours of fevered tossing to and fro, followed by tedious weeks of convalescence, were but a background. And now into her loneliness there came another human presence—a young man, carelessly whistling, treading gayly over moss and flowers till he reached the rivulet, and paused on the further side, looking at the tall, slim figure in the soft gray gown, crowned by the brown hair and wistful face. Just one moment, and he turned off a little higher up and sprang across the stream. Only one look, and there might have been no second; their lives might have glided apart forever, but for an accident—or what we call an accident; which is really a strong link in many a chain of life. As his foot touched the bank he slipped on the damp earth, spraining his ankle in the fall. He drew himself into a sitting posture and leaned against a tree, faint with pain. The young girl came quickly toward him. "I will run and get help," she said, and meeting his grateful look for a moment, went quickly along the path that led toward Cloverleigh, the village where she and her father were staying. At a turning she met a tall scholarly looking man.

"I was looking for you, Margaret. Are you wise to go bareheaded, my child?" he said anxiously.

'My hat fell into the brook, and it is so mild. But, oh! papa, there is a gentleman hurt down there. He has sprained his ankle and cannot walk.' And she waved her hand toward the woods below. They found him faint and white, but he made light of his suffering as they helped him through the fringe of apple and peach trees to his lodging in Cloverleigh.'

Most of our lives are Bitter-Sweet; but if there is one period in it when the bitter and sweet are superlative, it is when love takes possession of soul and body as instruments whereon to play his mighty preludes.

Margaret Townsend had lived alone almost all her life, with her father, a quiet student, loving his daughter and his books, and so her life was full of associations, but not of friends. None of the bloom has been worn off her soul by that playing at love called flirtation. She has read, with a certain solemnity, some old books wherein mention was made of men who had died and done other things for love; and she may have had dreams on the subject, but filmy and shifting as dreams generally are.

Her father had taught her Greek, and so 'she chanced upon the poets,' and their thoughts had given flavor to her own. Some time before this had come illness; it had seemed at one moment as if she must cross the narrow bound of time into the wide spaces of eternity; but well enough now to enjoy the change of the quaint Devonshire fishing village, perched in the rift of a headland among ancestral trees and bowers of ash and apple and pear. It is unique, this village, with its hundred steps leading down to the quay and the shingly shore. The houses rise one above the other, and the quaint rooms in them are let in summer to visitors with good walking powers. Its only inn is a temple of bric-a-brac, and, in summer, is crowded with pilgrims visiting one of the shrines of nature. In this sequestered solitude the father and daughter and Dr. John Enderby were at present the only strangers, and the young doctor, after two or three days, limped into Margaret's sunlit sitting room, into which the light filtered through a network of budding apple boughs. Here he would sit and watch Margaret at work, or listen to her as she read some Old World book to her father, her fresh young voice contrasting with the oft times crabbed style, and as he thu watched her she grew inexpressibly pleasant to him. Pleasant, and that was all.

But to Margaret? Without one word of warning, had come the crowning affection of her life. 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy,' then fades away. But once more it lies about the man and woman in the mellow time of youth with a beauty that baby eyes never yet b held, and earth borrows of this heavenly light. Did ever such sunlight pass through the rosy film of the apple blossoms that nestled against the wall and made a bower before Margaret's window? And as for the blue bay gleaming below—was it really so cruel after all? Did so many husbands and fathers and sons lie tossing in its depths. It looked so caressing, washing the feet of the red cliffs where the greenery crept down to meet it.

John was free to come and go as he liked in the blossom-screened room, holding learned converse with Mr. Townsend, meeting his daughter in the woods, sometimes helping her over the rocks in search of anemones. On fine evenings the three would sit on the little semicircular pier that enclosed the quay and watch the sunset fading and the darkness nestling down a ong the wooded headlands, and the great evening star suddenly appearing in the blue above the paling primrose that touched the water. After that the sky would swiftly fill with stars, and the moon would spring into the airy silence, and her light would penetrate sky and cliff-hung village, the lights would apear one by one in the windows above, and they would climb homeward. All this fed the warm friendliness he felt for her, which is often mistaken for love. The fragrance of her life filled his imagination, and he determined to make her his wife. But of that delicious agony, that glorious fear that makes pallid the face of the lover, the void in the life must be filled by the presence of a beloved woman—what did he know? Nothing.

His nature was as yet cold, hers was all aglow. If she had never seen him again, it is improbable that she would ever have cared for another; perhaps she would have waited in eternity for the sequence of that first glance of his. They lingered on till the honeysuckle wooed the meadow-sweet in the deep lanes above the village, and the young summer was in its beauty. Then there came a moment when, the two being alone in the woodland path overhanging the sea, John asked Margaret to be his wife. It was the sweetest time of the afternoon, just before sunset. when the day has lost its weariness and the sky is calm, and the sunshine is dimmed by a soft haze. Mr. Townsend had left them in order to write a letter which he had forgotten, and the others had sauntered toward the village in dreamy silence. Then she became aware that he was asking her to be his wife, telling her that she was the sweetest woman he had ever seen. Whence then her sudden shrinking from him, as in fear?

'I am not good enough,' she cried. She was afraid of her joy, for she was a timid woman, but in the midst of his wooing he was vexed at her humility, not understanding it, for he was only offering her a scanty armful of first-fruits, and she was returning him the full harvest of her soul, though she did not know its value. He drew her to him and kissed the brown head and laid it on his breast. She began to cry—she had been so greedy of joy lately, and here was its perfection!

And he?—well, it was the sweetest hour he had ever passed in his life. This girl, with her simple dress and manner, and her serious brown eyes and undertone of joyfulness about her, satisfied the more spiritual side of his nature. And yet she was not the ideal of his past, which ideal had been compounded of soft-voiced Cordelia, passionate Juliet, bright Rosalind, witty Beatrice, and dear Desdemonia—in fact, of all the sweets of many natures compacted into one. She was not his heroine, but he was her hero, and her gladness inclined toward sadness; for a true woman sees herself valueless at the moment she believes that the "man of men" sees in her a precious jewel.

'Are you sorry?' he asked, half jestingly.

'Sorry!' she said, and, with a frank yet coy gesture, she nestled close to his heart.

Windborough is a country town, seated in the midst of a smiling plain which stretches to a line of low wooded hills on the north, and loses itself in the far horizon in every other direction. It is a sleepy town, full of old houses and old traditions, and prides itself rather on its ruins than on its famous woolen manufacture. It is built in the form of a cross—indeed, its main street is called Crossgate. In one of the arms of the cross—the one toward Woodleigh, with its famous old castle—are the best houses, in which the smaller gentry and the professional men live.

At the end of the Woodleigh road was Dr. Enderby's house, large and old-fashioned; and hither he brought his wife Margaret not long after their first meeting in the Cloverleigh woods. It was a change from the intense quiet of her girlhood to a large circle of friends and a few secret enemies. But she was John's wife, and her sweet gaiety filled his house with sunshine; and she shaped herself a home in all gladness. The old red-brick house had pleasant rooms, filled with comfortable furniture, softly-cushioned chairs, low tables, and plenty of flowers; there were no dingy-looking dados, no sad-looking discolored blossoms worked on kitchen towels. As Margaret was not æsthetic, she preferred cheerful chintz and soft velvet.

Her own sanctum was a small room overlooking the garden, and furnished with soft shades of green. There were oak shelves filled with her favorite books, a writing table, and a few low chairs. At the window were white lace curtains, and on the mantle-piece a jar of Venetian glass that looked like a fragment of sunset. Near the window was a stand of flowers that varied according to the seasons. In spring there were spring roses and violets—even a few tulips; in summer roses and mignonette; in autumn and winter ferns and moses, with perhaps a red geranium to light them up. Outside in the garden was a great elm overhanging the lawn, and the flower beds were as old-fashioned as the house.

In this room of Margaret's John Enderby loved to rest in his intervals of leisure. watching his wife with an interest and a strange timidity that grew deeper day by day. Poor Margaret felt him further from her, and a shadow fell across her life that the little son could not wholly chase away. When the child was about nine months old it happened that she was often alone, for it was an unhealthy autumn, and Dr. Enderby's services were in great requisition, not only among the rich, but also among the poor—for he was generous as well as skillful. Now and then he would come in and resume his old habit of silently watching and listening to her talk about little Jack. How she loved that child! What sweet music his tiny fingers discoursed on that mother's heart-strings!

One afternoon her husband came in as she was sitting with the child on her knee—a bright, fair-haired, brown-eyed boy, very like his father. The baby stretched out his dimpled arms to his father, then with a child's mischief withdrew them, and hid his face on his mother's bosom with a cooing laugh. She bent her head down on the fluffy curls, and caught his little bare feet in her hand (he had pulled off his shoes and socks, the little rogue,) and she kissed the rosy toes with lovely mother worship.

'Look, John,' she said, 'isn't he the most wonderfully sweet child, this precious baby? What should we do without him?'

She was flushed and laughing, but a sharp pang flashed through as he answered quietly, "Yes, he is a fine boy for his age,' and, bending down, kissed him; but he went away after that without further speech. It often happened so now, and Margaret could not divine the cause; so she was hurt, and turned to the baby for comfort.

On this occasion the doctor went to his study, locked the door, and sat down to wrestle with himself, also to take stock of his forces for that wrestling. Terrible and sweet revelation to the man! He had, as the phrase goes, fallen in love—fortunately with his wife. This, then, was the meaning of his silence, his jealousy, of the tearing away of his old pleasant friendliness toward her. This love of his was no flame that would flash and die out, but the strong white heat, the very soul of the heavenly fire.

He was a good man, upright and true; but he had often played at love before his marriage, "ere life-time and love-time were one," and he was being pushed now, for he doubted whether her love had not declined into that friendliness which he had given her before, and she was absorbed in the child.

Was she, then, one of those women in whom the instinct of motherhood is stronger than all other? He worshiped her now with the full sacred passion of his manhood, and was his own child to come between, and shut him away from her? She would be always sweetly dutiful, he knew that—but a man is nothing if he does not want more than that; and what was his life to be if she and the child dwelt apart in a little paradise of their own? He was jealous of his own child. * * *

They were three middle-aged spinsters, who had failed to enter the holy estate of matrimony in spite of an earnest desire to do so. When the roses of youth and riches were no longer for them they would fain have culled the chrysanthemums of life's autumn; but, alas! even those sad and scentless flowers were denied them. So these three had been soured, or rather were unloved through a certain sourness of nature which the masculine portion of mankind had had sagacity enough to perceive and to avoid. Miss Moss, Miss Brown, and Miss Jones were friends, and much of the mischief in Windborough might be traced to them. For instance, had they not discovered Mr. Blight the curate's shameful flirtation with little Miss Wilson? and here was Dr. Enderby taking to his old flirting ways again! If he had married a sensible, intellectual person, she might have cured him by carefully looking after him; but now his attending the meetings of the Book Club without his wite, and walking home with little Miss Fry and her Quaker mother, boded no good. So said they, shaking their heads. This was after morning service on Sunday, and they resolved that on Monday morning, while the doctor was away on his rounds, they would call and enlighten his wife. 'It will do her good, poor thing,' they remarked.

So the three came on Monday morning, and, after a few commonplaces, Miss Moss, who was a faded beauty, and therefore the bitterest, began.

'Now, my dear Mrs. Enderby, we can see that you are suffering poor dear, and no wonder!'

Margaret looked at them bewildered.

'I am quite well,' she said.

'But about the Doctor, my dear; we have known him so long and understand his ways. If you had been a little more experienced you would have looked better after your husband.'

'But he is not ill,' answered the wife, still more bewildered.

'Not in body,' remarked Miss Brown, with a significant smile; 'but in mind, we mean; he pays great attention to the Frys next door, you know.'

'And Miss Fry is very pretty.' added Miss Jones.

If she had not been so angry Margaret would have laughed; John had walked home with their neighbors twice, and she was very fond of them. John might not love her; that she had found out, she thought; but she knew him to be the very soul of honor. She was generally so quiet, that when her anger blazed out they were startled.

'Will you be so good as to leave my husband's affairs alone?' she said. 'If you wish to be wicked there is no need to show such bad taste as to come here and endeavor to do harm.' And then they, feeling that for once they had been vanquished, quickly took their departure. But their words had left a sting behind them.

Was it so visible, then, even to these gossips, the fact that she had found out some time ago, namely, that she was not to him all that he was to her? When she had discovered it, she had determined to take thankfully, what he could give; but, alas! beloved, who will be grateful for a few crumbs seeing a full meal beyond? The hunger of the soul cannot be stifled; it cries out for food. Well, she tried not to blame him; he had mistaken his feeling for her, and was tired of her; but there was her baby.

She never told her husband of that visit, though she believed he regretted his marriage; she only clung to the child—such a frail little reed to lean upon. And one day it broke.

It was a Sunday—one of those sweet days in the late autumn which nature saves out of the summer. The trees had lost their leaves, and the sunshine showed all their delicate irregularity—their beauty of mere form, which had been hidden by the foilage. The golden asters and red geraniums still brightened the sheltered garden. A ball was lying on the frosty grass, but the tiny fingers that had played with it would never touch it more, for Baby Jack was going fast to a land in which, let us not say, there are no toys for the children. You remember Martin Luther's letter to his boy Hans, in which he tells him of a lovely Paradise, with golden toys, whips, and drums, and childish delights.

This little child was dying of croup. His mother could only hold the little form on her knee, while John knelt beside her trying useless remedies to comfort her. At last he stood still, looking down sorrowfully at the signs of ebbing life. Suddenly he knelt and touched the little clenched hand with his lips, and heavy tears splashed down upon it—his dear little boy; it was hard!

Margaret bent forward. 'You do love him, John!' She was jealous for him that he should have his full share of love before he went. John understood, and his look answered her. What instinct had made her ask? The fluttering breath grew shorter and shorter; it was near the end now, and little Jack opened his eyes and said, for the first and last time, quite clearly, 'Mamma.' That was all she was to have—the one word, and the angels would have the rest. Terrible, awfully mysterious death had borne away the spirit of the babe, and left only the little body cold and white as a snow-wreath; but a smile hovered on the tiny face.

John comforted his wife, but her grief grew silent. She was gentle to him, but her thoughts were with the dead child. She told herself that it was better that he should be with the angels, and he would sing hymns, and perhaps play in the golden streets, but she had a hurt feeling, for he would never be her own baby again. Mothers' hearts are hungry things, and she felt that she had nothing left. Her husband divined this mixed feeling, but in the shyness of his new love could not penetrate her silence.

After a while her strength failed; and, in great anxiety, he brought her back to Cloverleigh, to the old rooms that had been bowered by the apple blossoms, but blossoms and birds were all gone now. Here Margaret grew restless; her thoughts turned from little Jack for the first time, and the afternoon after they came she wandered out by herself to the woods above the house. The sun was shining and there were one or two late daisies in the grass. She stopped and gathered them. Here was the place where John had asked her to be his wife, and with a pang she remembered the intensity of her joy. Ah! how the petals had fallen from the flower. It had been unjust of John to take her without loving her. He had sought her and wooed her, and now she was so lonely.

She heard his step and turned to hide from him, but the trees were bare now. Half curiously she looked at him. He had not seen her yet, for his eyes were bent on the ground. Unconscious of her presence, he took no pains to hide his despondency, and she could see how grief-worn was the handsome, kindly face. Contemplating him thus she forgot herself, and the old strong love shone in her eyes. He looked up and saw her pale and slim in her black dress, but there was that in those eyes which drew him to her to murmur in her ear how much he loved her, and she turned to him as she had never done before. 'I am not worthy, dear,' he said, having also learned the divine humility.

So the bitter changes entirel to sweet; not suddenly, for it took some time for Margaret to lose her jealousy of the angels. And that time was chronicled in her soul as "the winter our baby died, and I first knew how dear I was to John.—*The Argosy.*

The largest sailing ship ever built, the Lord Downshire, left Belfast, Ireland, on Wedne day May 27, in tow of two powerful steamtugs. She is constructed of steel, is 260 feet long and capable of carrying 3 600 tons dead weight. She has four masts. The Lord Downshire will be towed to Dardiff, Wales for the remainder of her cargo and sail for SanFrancisco.

Scarf tunics tied around the hips like a child's sash are made of chine silk over white mull or nun's-veiling dresses. Two Roman-striped sashes of pale, not dark shades, are sewed together and made to serve in the same way.

Rev. J. R. Murphey, D. D., has accepted an appointment as financial secretary of the college at Des Moines, Iowa.

Within a radius of five miles from a place on the Skagit, Washington territory, there is estimated to be at least 200,000,000 feet of fir saw timber, exclusive of the maple, spruce and ceda

YACHTING.

One of the most manly and satisfying pleasures, as well as the most agreeable, is yachting. The owner of the yacht is one who gathers the chief comfort, as he sails his craft for the excitement of the race, or for the genuine enjoyment of guiding his beautiful vessel over the water. Those who have the care, management and working of a yacht dwell almost upon the water. As a class, they are quiet, sober, careful, skilful men, but their life of exposure to the elements is productive of much rheumatism among them, and they suffer considerably from pains, the result of cold, bruises, sprains, &c. ST. JACOBS OIL is a favorite remedy with these men, because of the splendid service it renders them. Captain Schmidt, of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y., says that he has been a great sufferer from rheumatism for many years. He had severe rheumatic pains in nearly every portion of his body, and suffered so that at times he would be entirely unable to attend to active business. He said: "I am quite well now, however, and, as you see, I am able to work without any trouble. I attribute my recovery entirely to ST. JACOBS OIL, for I felt better as soon as I commenced to use that remedy; and whenever I feel anything like rheumatism coming on, I rub the place with the OIL, and it always does what is claimed for it. Finding ST. JACOBS OIL did me so much good, I got my family to use it whenever they had any pains or colds, and it has done good in every case when they have tried it. I can say that ST. JACOBS OIL is a mighty good rheumatic remedy, and I don't intend to be without it." This experience is such as has been enjoyed not only by yachtsmen and others, who follow the water, but by people in every walk of life and variety of pursuit the whole world over.

M. R. P.—391.

YOUNG MEN if you want to learn telegraphy in a few months and be sure of a situation at good wages, address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

THRESHERS *The Best is the cheapest.* Illustrated price list free. THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

Do you wish to obtain good and valid Patents? then write to or call upon **Thos. S. Sprague & Son,** 37 West Congress St. Detroit, Mich., Attorneys in Patent Causes. Establish' 15 years. Send for pamphlet. free

Patents, Patents,

PATENTS

F. A. LEHMANN, Solicitor of Patents, Washington D. C. Send for Circular.

RUPTURE

Cured without an operation or the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN's method. Office 25 Broadway, New York. His book, with Photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure mailed for 10 cents.

YOUNG MEN

GOLDSMITH'S (B. & S.) BUSINESS UNIVERSITY DETROIT, MICH., Offers superior advantages to students. They are thoroughly drilled in office work, letter writing, and the executing of business paper. Those wishing a thorough business education should enquire of the business men of Detroit where it can best be had. College paper mailed free.

BILLIARD TABLES.

Send for our prices and illustrated catalogue. *SCHULENBURG MFG CO., DETROIT, MICH.*

TEAS in abundance.—$5 Million pounds imported last year.—Prices lower than ever.—Agents wanted.—Don't waste time.—Send for circular.
10 lbs. Good Black or Mixed, for $1.
10 lbs. Fine Black or Mixed, for $2.
10 lbs. Choice Black or Mixed, for $3.
Send for pound sample, 17 cts. extra for postage. Then get up a club. Choicest Tea in the world.—Largest variety.—Pleases everybody.—Oldest Tea House in America.—No chromo.—No Humbug.—Straight business.—Value for money.
ROB'T WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N. Y., P. O. Box 1287.

CIDER

PRESS, capacity 25 to 125 barrels per day. GRATER, Elevator, Racks and Cloths, Jelly Pans, Sorghum Mills All cider Mill supplies. Illus. catalogue free. C. G. HAMPTON, Detroit, Mich

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.
A combination of **Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,** with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest **Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator,** and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.
No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.
They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.
To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.
No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.
$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use **Hop Bitters** vile, drugged and Best Medicine ever made; the **"INVALIDS FRIEND"** and no person or family should be without them.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y. and Toronto, Ont.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. **TRADE MARK**

An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave.

BEFORE TAKING. **AFTER TAKING.**

☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. ☞ The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on the receipt of the money, by addressing.
THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y.
On account of counterfeits we have adopted the Yellow Wrapper; the only genuine. Guarantees of cure issued by Farrand Williams & Co., Detroit Mich.

EARN GOOD WAGES.—Learn Book keeping, Telegraphy or Shorthand and Typewriting, at the Mayhew Business College, 156 Jefferson ave., Board of Trade Entrance and Elevator, and be prepared for good situations.

For circulars, call at the College, or address
IRA MAYHEW, LL. D., DETROIT.

LAKE SUPERIOR TRANSIT COMPANY

THE GREAT DULUTH ROUTE.

Intended sailings of steamers from Detroit for Sault Ste. Marie and other Lake Superior ports: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, 11 p. m.
For Cleveland, Erie and Buffalo: Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 5 p.m., making railroad connections for points East and South.
Rail connections at Duluth for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Bismarck, Manitoba, and other points north, south and west. Baggage checked to destination
For tickets and other information apply to J. T. WHITING Gen'l Ag't. Dock and office foot of Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION Dr Craig's cough and consumption CURE USED WITH THE FRENCH CROWN-PLASTER. CRAIG'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE CO, PROPRIETORS ROCHESTER, N.Y.

☞ Thirty-three years experience. ☜

Dr. Lodge's Medicine Cases and Books.
Six Remedies—Book and Case—Sixty Cents.
Twelve Remedies—Book and Case—One Dollar
Twenty-four Remedies—Book and Case—Two Dollars.
Single vials of any remedy Twelve Cents.
One ounce vials medicine, tincture, trituration, or globules, 25 cents.
By mail, postage pre-paid, on receipt of price.
☞ Liberal discount to Agents.
Address, DR LODGE'S LABORATORY, Box 484, Pontiac, Mich.

NEILSON'S SECRET FOR THE COMPLEXION
A Most Elegant Toilet Preparation.
As its name implies, it was the favorite and only preparation used by that most beautiful and accomplished actress, MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON, for whom it was expressly prepared and supplied by the inventor, not only during her stay in this country, but when in England and Europe. The wondrous transparent beauty and freshness of complexion, for which MISS NEILSON was noted, is the best recommendation that can be offered in its behalf. It is a most delightful adjunct to the toilet, especially after exposure to the hot sun or winds, as it prevents tan, freckles, etc., and gives a delightful cooling and refreshing feeling to the surface. It is perfectly harmless. The proprietress offers ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS to any one who can find even a trace of any mineral, poisonous, or deleterious substance whatever, in NEILSON'S SECRET for the complexion.
This "recherche" preparation for the toilet does not give a whitewashed appearance to the face, like Humpty Dumpty in the Pantomime, but so assimilates itself with the skin that it cannot be detected even under the brilliant glare of the Electric Light. PRICE, 25 CENTS,
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Fancy Goods, or will be sent by mail upon receipt of price in stamps. Address
MME. MARIE FONTAINE,
112 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Above is an exact portrait of
MRS. SARAH J. VAN BUREN,
DISCOVERER OF
LADIES' TONIC
A preparation which is unequaled for Purifying the Blood and Toning Up the Female System.

LADIES' TONIC is prepared by Mrs. Van Buren, at 192 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y., and has been used successfully by ladies for years. It is a *sure cure* for all Female Complaints, Low Fever, Ague, Scrofula, Sick Headache, and *all* weaknesses caused by those irregularities which are so common to womankind. This is no *Patent Medicine*, but is prepared by Mrs. Van Buren after years of experience, and recommended by her, as she knows it will give new life to any broken-down, worn-out or over-worked member of her sex.
WIVES AND MOTHERS need something to assist nature in holding her own under the constant strain which is constantly dragging them down. Mrs. Van Buren answers all letters *free.* Send for Circulars.
For sale by Druggists. Price. $1.00 per bottle.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC

It gives color to the blood, natural healthful tone to the digestive organs and nervous system, making it applicable to General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Powers and Impotence.

It contains no alcohol, no poisonous drugs, but is a combination of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in a palatable form. The only preparation of iron that will not blacken the teeth, so characteristic of other iron preparations.

GENTLEMEN: I have used DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC in my practice, and in an experience of twenty-five years in medicine, have never found anything to give the results that DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC does. In many cases of Nervous Prostration, Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, and an impoverished condition of the blood, this peerless remedy, has in my hands, made some wonderful cures. Cases that have baffled some of our most eminent physicians, have yielded to this great and incomparable remedy. I prescribe it in preference to any iron preparation made. In fact, such a compound as DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is a necessity in my practice. DR. ROBERT SAMUELS,
ST. LOUIS, MO., Nov. 26th, 1881. 3104 Wash Avenue.

IRON TONIC.

MANUFACTURED BY THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE COMMERCIAL.

[Entered at the Postoffice at Ypsilanti as second-class matter.]
Published every Saturday morning, at the corner of Huron and Pearl streets, opposite the Post Office, Ypsilanti, Mich., by

C. R. PATTISON.

$1.50 per annum; $1.60 if not paid at the end of three months. 75 cents for six months. 40 cents for three months. 5 cents a copy.

YPSILANTI ON THE HURON.

BY. A. PIONEER.

In the youthful days of long ago
We sung to see the Huron flow
By the clear and rippling river
Through Ypsilanti flowing ever.
Sweeping along banks bright and green,
In sylvan shade and sunny gleam
Where lovers row the bonnie boats
That o'er the placid water floats,
Or hoistiug up the tiny sail
They glide on with scented gale.

Round the flowery meadows winding
Deubel's corn and good wheat grinding
Driving all the wheels and bands
Tumbling o'er the deep mill dams,
Then foaming down in white cascades
And murmuring in the woodland shades.
Running the Mayor's belts and cranks
And sawing Folmor's logs in planks,
Barnes and Cornwell's paper mills
Many a purse and pocket fills
Giving work to the great and small,
Where the bright booming waters fall
Straw and rags, with steam and vapor
Rolled out in sheets of clean white paper,
And rolls of paper by the mile
For printing in the best of style,
The notes and credit good and strong
The city paying every bond.

Citizens wealthy and refined
Generous, able, true and kind,
A few are close with well filled pockets
Grasping tight like Worden's sockets;
Where Houses, Schools and stately towers
Gleam through the green wood maple bowers,
The churches built on solid rocks,
The sermons sound and orthodox
Bible truth with instruction clear,
To every one who comes to hear.
And city schools with learning free
Where all can take a high degree.
Good teachers, books and tax combined
To elevate the youthful mind.

The Normal halls, and model school,
To fill the vacant noddle full.
The Sentinel sounds his bugle call
First editor among them all.
When hostile parties cross the line
He makes the fur fly every time.
Our COMMERCIAL gives the news
Politics, poems and reviews,
Good paper printed cheap and clean
By logic and the power of steam.

The Band of Hope by speech and tunes
Trying to close the rum saloons
With bolts and bars and iron bands
As long as the Republic stands.
Ex-Mayor the bravest man in town
To put the liquor traffic down.
Through the town long trains are going
Ringing bells and whistles blowing
Rushing under banks and ridges
Rolling o'er the iron bridges,
Trailing their smoky banner high
Far up along the azure sky.
Here Farmers come to buy and sell
Where honest traders treat them well.
May Ypsilanti grander grow
While roses blow, and rivers flow,
Health and wealth and peace securing,
In happy homes beside the Huron.

PERSONALS.

Capt. Allen orated at Northville the Fourth to a big crowd.

Mr. Delos Showerman of Detroit was in the city Wednesday.

Mrs. Capt. Freeman of Green Bay is visiting at Rev. Mr. Breed's.

We are just beginning an important mathematical work for Prof. Bellows.

Miss Mary Bouvian accompained her father to Bay City to spend the Fourth.

Prof. Daniel Putnam has gone to Vermont to visit friends and recruit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Cornwell and family have gone to Martha's Vinyard, to spend the summer.

Mr. L. H. Armstrong, Jacksonville, Fla., is visiting his sister, widow of the late Col. Lee.

Capt. Wallace, taken with the western fever left for Dakota, Montana, etc., Tuesday evening.

Hattie Jenness has returned from a visit with her sister Mrs. Smith Saunders, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. She has a sorry and thrilling tale to tell of the late tornado.

Mr. Ira B. Laflin, who taught at Dearborn the past year has returned home to spend his vacation.

Mr. Henry Gleason and lady, also Mrs. Pitt and Dr. Hyde of Vermont, are visiting their Sister Mrs. Dr. D. A. Post.

Lieut. Manning is equal to the occasion every time and he will be as the representative of the first regiment at rifle contest Creedmore in September.

The name of Ira B. Laflin, late Principal of the Dearborn school should have appeared in the list of Normal graduates in the Scientific Course. Unintentianally omitted.

We were glad to see J. Webster Childs in the city Saturday. He is quite feeble, but hoping by taking time to reach Montana to recuperate. He leaves in a few days, his wife going with him.

The Misses Ella Dolby, Carrie Hobart, Nancy Smith, and Mr. David Dolby of Sylvania, Ohio have been visiting their cousins Mr. and Mrs. G. W. VanTassel of this city the past week, also attending the Commencement exercises of the Normal School, left here Monday morning to visit friends in Barry and Montcalm Counties.

We are sorry to learn that Prof. Carman is to leave us. He has received a louder call by $500 to Union city. Salary offered him in this small village $1500. It is one of the most high toned and successful schools in the state. To say that the professor has done nobly in our school, Principal of the High School Department, is to say the truth. He has built it up and placed it as we hope on a solid basis. He has won the esteem of associate teachers, universally of his pupils, and of our citizens. Sorry to part with you professor.

Mr. Clinton Clark, Saline, called on us Saturday renewing the 19th annual subscription to the COMMERCIAL. It went seventeen years in the name of his revered father L. Clark, who died about two years ago.

Mr. Alfred Humphrey has severed his connection with Philo Pherrier & Son, and purchased a half interest in a machine and repair shop at Mendon, this state. Mr. Humphrey is a good workman, industrious, reliable, and a young man of correct habits. The lodge of Good Templars, of which he has twice been chosen W. C. T., passed resolutions complimentary to the active part he has taken in promoting its best interests. We shall hear of his success.

At the close of the graduating exercises, Friday evening, the high-school pupils presented Prof. Bellows a piece of statuary, "Uncle Ned's school." He responded with much emotion to their expression of esteem.—*Allegan Journal.*

FLAT ROCK.—The Sunday school recently had an ice cream social given by the ladies of the church, in honor of the retiring Superintendent, Prof. J. Geo. MacVicar, youngest son of the Rev. Dr. MacVicar of the Toronto Theological Seminary. Brother MacVicar came to this place a year ago, having graduated at the State Normal and assumed the principalship of the Union school. By his gentlemanly manner, cultured bearing, courteous disposition, fidelity as a teacher and christian deportment, he has won the confidence and love of all. Upon his arrival in this place he found the Baptist church closed, no service or Sunday school and the forces scattered On the coming of the present pastor he found Brother MacVicar ready for work. He has been a success as superintendent, and upon closing his relation with the public school he resigns the superintendency of our Sunday school, much to the regret of all. He bears with him our affection, good wishes and above all our prayers for his highest success wherever he may go.—*Michigan Christian Herald.*

CHICAGO TO DENVER.

THE FIRST AND ONLY THROUGH LINE.

Official announcement reaches our office fixing the 2d day of July as the opening date of Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. Through line from Chicago, Peoria or St. Louis to Denver. The trains on the new line will be equipped in the style of comfort and elegance, for which the "Burlington Route" is noted. To our many readers who have been anxiously awaiting for the announcement of this date and who intend to turn their steps towards the setting sun, we can confidently say, judging the present and future by the past, that they will find on this line all the attention to the minutest details, which have made the name of the C. B. & Q. a household word throughout the Union, and insure to travelers speed, safety and luxury. Have you tickets read *via* "Burlington Route."

THE WOODCHUCK Business.—Some kinds of church discipline are well illustrated by the recent effort of a New England farmer to smoke out a woodchuck. He captured the creature, it is true, but he burned over a acre of land and destroyed fifteen rods of good fence in doing it.—Michigan Christian Herald.

The above is just what the pastor of the Second Baptist church in this city seems to be doing.

Linked Together.

Complaints go in troops. They are associated by nature. Get one disease and you will have others, Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" strikes at the root of all disease. You cannot take it amiss, no matter what your particular trouble may be. For all ailments of the Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, Bowels, it is worth more than its weight in gold. A silver dollar will buy it, whether you go to your drug store, or address the Proprietor, Dr. K., at Rondout, N. Y.
955-2-w

We cannot move mankind without faith, as the fulcrum upon which to rest our lever. There can be no earnestness without faith, and what has man ever done without earnestness.

Mr. H. W. Merton, of Oswego, N. Y., writes: My wife has been restored to perfect health and strength. She suffered many years from indigestion, complicated with female irregularities. I never saw her lips so red and her cheeks so rosy for years.

What would martyrs have done amid their flames, if they had doubted the inspiration of their Bible?

GOD BLESS THE WOMEN.

The best interests of all humanity depend on the good health of our women folk. Woman's best friend for relieving the painful weaknesses with which so many are afflicted, and as a general family medicine, for warding off bilious attacks and curing stomach, liver and kidney complaints, is Brown's Iron Bitters. It contains just such life-giving properties as are needed in female diseases, and is superior to all other preparations as a true medicinal tonic, for giving health, strength and vigor to every part of the body. If you are weak, nervous, and debilitated, or suffering from dyspepsia, Brown's Iron Bitters will surely cure you.

It is faith in his cause and in his general that makes a soldier brave in defeat and steady in battle.

The Mystery Explained.

Nothing succeeds like success. This explains why PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR has risen so rapidly into public favor. It positively succeeds in accomplishing all that is claimed for it. Corns are as easily and painlessly cured by its use as the greatest sufferer could desire. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Mark the name. Sold by druggists everywhere. Wholesale, J. E. DAVIS & CO., Detroit.

If there is no question involved higher than being comfortable in one's own mind, every one should strive to bring himself up to the capability of earnest faith.

Young and middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for Part VII of Dime Series Books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

SKINNY MEN.

Wells' Health Renewer. Absolute cure for nervous debility and weakness of the generative functions. $1. at druggists. Mich. Depot, JAMES E DAVIS & CO., Detroit, Mich. 931-1y-alt.

Joy, Joy to the World.

If you meet a man who looks as if he had lost all his friends, had his house burnt down and business destroyed, just make up your mind that he either has dyspepsia or his liver is out of order. The best thing you can do for such a woebegone individual is to advise him to go to Frank Smith's drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic, which will cure him without fail. Also an infallible remedy for pinples and blotches on the face. Only 50 cents a bottle. 4

If you have a cold or cough of any kind buy a bottle of Hill's Peerless Cough Syrup USE IT ALL. If not satisfied, return the empty bottle and I will refund your money. I also sell the Peerless Worm Specifics on the same terms, NO CURE NO PAY. Cobb's Little Rodophyllin Pills will cure Headach, Billiousness, Constipation, etc., or no pay. One pill a dose. J. B. LEMLEY, Druggist,
925-1year. At the Depot, Ypsilanti.

Of all things most ridiculous is this attacking the religion of Jesus, because it demands faith.

Dr. Kermott's Compound Extract of Willow is now the great remedy for the cure of ague, chill fever and all types of intermittent fever.

Dr. Kermott's pills cure headache, liver complaint, digestion, costiveness, and purify the blood

THOUSAND'S from neglecting a common cold have died of Consumption. Take DR. KERMOTT'S Pulmonary Balsam and cure that cough.

For old or young, male or female, Dr. Kermott's Mandrake Pills are the best cathartic.

DR. KERMOTT'S Extract of Blackbury for acute and chronic diarrhea, cholera morbus, pains, etc
911-1y

Worthy of Praise.

As a rule we do not recommend Patent Medicines, but when we know of one that really is a public benefactor, and does positively cure, then we consider it our duty to impart that information to all. Electric Bitters are truly a most valuable medicine, and will surely cure Biliousness, Fever and Ague, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints, even where all other remedies fail. We know whereof we speak, and can freely recommend them to all.—*Exch.* Sold at fifty cents a bottle, by Frank Smith.
1y-908 6

Physicians say HOPS and Malt Bitters are the best. Dec. 1 82

Griggs' Glycerine Salve.

The best on earth can truly be said of Giggs' Glycirine Salve, which is a sure cure for cuts, bruises, scalds, burns, wounds, and all other sores. Will positively cure piles, tetter and all skin eruptions. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Only 25c. For sale by Frank Smith.
948-1-year

Important To Travelers,

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue. 1jan83

PROBATE ORDER.
Estate of John W. Van Cleve.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, SS.

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on Friday, the Seventh day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two.

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of John W. Van-Cleve, deceased.

Lambert A. Barnes, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his Final Account as such executor.

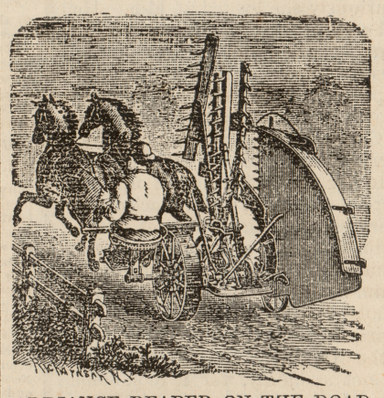
Thereupon it is ordered that Tuesday, the first day of August, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered that said executor give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the YPSILANTI COMMERCIAL a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN
(A true copy.) Judge of Probate
WILLIAM G. DOTY, Probate Register. 955

MORTGAGE SALE.

Whereas default has been made in the conditions of a mortgage, made and delivered by Oscar K. Rogers and Margarette L. Rogers to Charles Moore, bearing date on the fifth day of April, A. D., 1864, and recorded in the office of Register of Deeds of the county of Washtenaw, in liber thirty two of mortgages page three hundred and ten, on the 14th, day of May, A. D. 1864, and which said mortgage was afterward duly assigned by Sullivan M. Cutcheon and Robert W. Hemphill, administrators of the estate of said Charles Moore, deceased, to Sullivan M. Cutcheon, guardian of Charles Moore, a minor, by deed, of assignment dated March 6th, A. D., 1871, and recorded in said Register's office in liber three of assignments of mortgages, page thirty nine, on the tenth day of March, A. D. 1871, and was afterward duly assigned by said Sullivan M. Cutcheon, guardian of Charles Moore, a minor, to the undersigned Charles Moore, by deed of assignment dated August 27th, A. D. 1877, and recorded in said Register's office in liber five of assignments of mortgages, page 571, on the sixth day of December, A. D., 1877, by which said default the power of sale contained in said mortgage became operative, and the sum of five hundred and sixteen dollars and fifty six cents being claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice, besides the sum of forty dollars provided to be paid in said mortgage as an attorney fee on the taking of proceedings for the foreclosure thereof, and no suit or proceedings having been had or instituted, either at law or in equity, to recover the sum secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof: Notice is therefore hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises therein described, or some part thereof, viz: All that certain tract of land situate in the township of Augusta, county of Washtenaw, state of Michigan, known and described as the west half of the west half of the north west quarter of section No. eighteen, (18) in township four (4) south of range seven (7) east containing forty (40) acres, more or less, at public vendue, at the south door of the Court House, wherein the Circuit Court for the county of Washtenaw is held, in the city of Ann Arbor in the state of Michigan, on the third day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated Detroit July 1, 1882.
CUTCHEOM & STELLWAGEN,
Attorneys for assignee.
CHARLES MOORE,
Assignee of mortgage.



ADRIANCE REAPER ON THE ROAD.

Adriance, Platt & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

ADRIANCE

Mowers and Reapers,

165 GREENWICH ST., N. Y.
Manufactory, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The Hundreds of Thousands of Farmers who have tested these machines bear witness that they continue to be the most *profitable* for the farmer to buy, because they *surpass all others* in SIMPLICITY, STRENGTH, DURABILITY and LIGHTNESS OF DRAFT, while they do the BEST WORK under all circumstances, and *cost the least to keep in repair.*

There are *no mysteries about them*, but all is mechanically *simple, solid* and *easily understood.*

They have won the *highest honors in all parts of the world*, and were awarded **68** FIRST PREMIUMS in **1881.** *Descriptive Circulars* forwarded by mail.

Special Notice Column.

ROAD COMMISSIONERS BLANKS AT At the Lowest Possible Rates at this Office.

A GOOD LOAD OF HAY,

Wanted. Mixed Clover and Timothy. Enquire at this Office.

NOTICE.

As certain persons have used my credit without My Consent, Therefore All persons are hereby Warned against **Trusting** any person on my Account as I will not be Responsible for the same.
955-2-w J. L. PALMER.
Superior June 28, 1882.

CITY TAXES.

Notice is hereby given that the Assessment Rolls for City Taxes for 1882 are in my hands at the Banking Office of Hemphill. Batchelder & Co., where such taxes may be paid during JULY, without additional percentage. D. C. BATCHELDER,
Dated July 6th, 1882. City Treasurer.

SEALED PROPOSALS

Will be received by the building committee at the office of F. Hinckley until July 25, 1882, for the Carpenter Work and material for the construction and furnishing the **Congregational Church** according to the plans and specifications therefor to be furnished by the committee or found at Martin and Batwell's office, No. 1, Union block. Proposals will be considered for the entire construction and furnishing of the church, the material to be furnished by the builder.
Dated June 22, 1882. F. HINCKLEY,
Chairman of Committee.

CABBAGE AND CELERY

Plants **For Sale** in the Rear of John Starkweather's Residence Huron Street.
953-5-w JAS. HORN.

MISS B. GATES,

Respectfully offers her Services to the Ladies of Ypsilanti as a **NURSE.** She may be found at Frank Oberest North River Street. She has recovered now so as to be Competent to the Task.
945-3-m

TO RENT OR SELL.

A Pleasant Residence, Brick House, Barn, **Six Acres of Land,** Good Water, Plenty of Fruit etc., on Emerick St., East end of City.
Apply to JACOB EMERICK.
947

L. MILLER

Wishes to state to his friends that he has **not**

REMOVED

From his old stand, next to **HASKIN'S BAKERY,** but is still there and prepared to suit customers on all kinds of repairing needed for the protection of their feet. **Repairing Ladies' Fine Shoes** a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed on all work. He still continues to tender his thanks to customers for their patronage in the past.
894

WM. PATTISON, M. D., Homeopathic Physician and Accoucheur. Will attend to calls in city or country. Office nearly opposite the Episcopal Church, Huron Street, Ypsilanti.

HEMPHILL, BATCHELDER & CO., **BANKERS,** corner of Congress and Huron streets, Ypsilanti. 936

NEW FIRM!

Comstock & Ebling

— SUCCESSORS TO —
E. M. COMSTOCK & CO.,
— DEALERS IN —

Dry Goods & Notions.

Many thanks to our numerous friends and customers for your generous patronage in the past. The **New Firm** will endeavor to make it for your interest to continue the same pleasant business relations in the **future.** We hope by **fair and square dealing** to merit a fair share of the patronage of the public. Give us a call at **No. 30 Congress street,** Hewitt block, and you will receive good treatment at our hands.
COMSTOCK & EBLING.
P. S.—**Butter and Eggs** taken in exchange for Goods. 955

MINNESOTA PATENT FLOUR

— A T —

DeNike & Robison's,

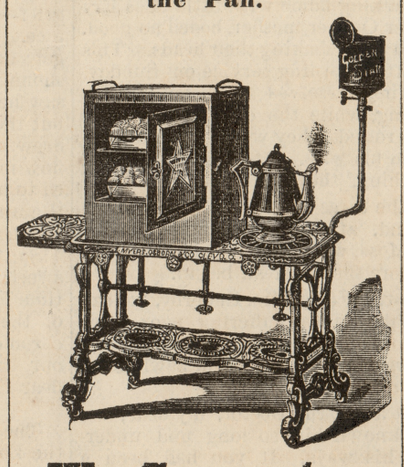
2nd Door South of P. O.
947.

GOLDEN STAR!

A FIRST CLASS

Gasoline Stove.

The only Stove made with Overflow Tank Under the Pan.



We Guarantee

That the GOLDEN STAR will COOK, BAKE, BOIL, BROIL and ROAST equal to a Cook Stove or a Range, and is even

Superior for Washing & Ironing,

We claim for it Economy, Durability, Ease of Operation, and Thoroughness of its Work. For sale ONLY by

Drury & Taylor,

Also Agents for the GOLDEN STAR OIL STOVES. Best in the Market.
953 4w.

FULL STOCK of SUMMER GOODS

— A T —

W. H. SWEET'S,

— COMPRISING A —

LARGE ASSORTMENT

OF PARASOLS, FANS, HOSIERY
BERLIN AND LISLE GLOVES.
SILLK MITTS IN BLACK AND COLORS.
SPLENDID BLACK SPANISH LACES.
LACES BY THE YARD OR DOZEN.
SHETLAND SHAWLS.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUN HATS VERY **CHEAP.**

Lace Buntings and Light Dress Goods.
Ladies Linnen and Poplin Dusters.

A Full Line of Domestics always on hand, and at the Lowest Prices.

OLD PAPERS FOR SALE!
At the residence of Mrs. C. R. PATTISON, corner of Huron and Cross sts.

HELLO!

WE ARE AGAIN IN THE MARKET WITH THE

Old ReliaBle Wanye's Self Ventilating Refrigerators,

They are the Only Refrigerators made in the United States having a current of air passing in and through them when supplied with Ice, thereby making a perfect Self Ventilator.

There is no moisture in the provision chamber, ane we can therefore guarantee that one article of food will not **taste or smell of another.**

We also have a full line of Summer Hardware, Water Coolers, Ice Cream Freezers, Oil Stoves, Gasoline Stoves, Hammocks, Charcoal Stoves, Gasoline Stoves, Hammocks, Chareoal Stoves, etc. If you want anything in the House Furnishing Goods Line, you will find the Largest Assortment and Lowest priees at

Coulson & Morhous,
House-Keepers Palace
943-3m

PRINCIPAL LINE

AND OLD FAVORITE FROM

CHICAGO

The SHORTEST, QUICKEST and BEST line to St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka, Denison, Dallas, Galveston, And all points in Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona, Montana and Texas.

OR PEORIA to

This Route has no superior for Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Universally conceded to be the best equipped Railroad in the World for all classes of travel. Nationally reputed as being the Great Through Car Line

KANSAS CITY

OMAHA DENVER LINCOLN CALIFORNIA

All connections made In Union Depots.

Through Tickets via this Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the U. S. and Canada.

Try it, and you will find traveling a luxury, instead of a discomfort.

All information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Cars, etc., cheerfully given by

T. J. POTTER, 3d Vice Pres't & Gen'l Manager, Chicago, Ill.
PERCEVAL LOWELL, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

A NEW MEDICINE
HOPS & MALT BITTERS
UNFERMENTED—NOT A BEVERAGE.

Regulate the **Liver, positively** cure **Dyspepsia, Indigestion** and **Sick Headache,** prevent **Constipation,** remove **Biliousness,** relieve of **Rheumatism,** purify the **Blood,** cleanse the **Kidneys,** correct the **Stomach** and **Bowels,** and subdue **Disease.**

HOPS & MALT

It is **Rich** in the materials that **Nourish, Invigorate, Purify** and **Strengthen.** They supply **Brain, Muscular** and **Nerve** force, **Vigor** to the **Enfeebled, Tone** and **Strength** to the **Exhausted,** and **Nourishment** to the Young and Aged.

HOPS & MALT

No MATTER what your condition, or how much overcome by disease, TRY THEM. It creates a healthy action of the VITAL FORCES, stimulating SLUGGISH CIRCULATION and promoting GOOD DIGESTION, CLEAR COMPLEXION, ENERGY, and VIGOROUS HEALTH.

HOPS & MALT

If you are languishing from **indoor Confinement, Overwork** or **Disease,** or if your **Brain** is overtaxed, **Muscles** and **Nerves Weakened** by loss of sleep or appetite, or business strain, they will Nourish, Strengthen and Restore you.

NOTE—"HOPS & MALT."

925-1yr.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free Address STINSON & Co, Portland, Maine

Detroit, Mackinaw & Marquette Rail Road.

Pioneer East and West Line Through the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

Actually the shortest line by 241 miles between Detroit, Southern Michigan and all points in the east and south-east and the great iron and copper districts of Michigan.

One express and one mail train daily each way between St. Ignance and Marquette, connecting at St. Ignace with Michigan Central Railroad, and after July 15th with Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad, and during navigation with Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation Company by the unexcelled side-wheeled steamer City of Cleveland, for Port Huron, Detroit, Cleveland etc; also of New England Transportation Company's Line for Chicago and Milwaukee, Collinwood and other places in Canada, and with other boat lines.

Coupon tickets to principal cities and towns on sale at St. Ignace and Marquette.

For information as to passenger and freight rates please apply to
F. MILLIGAN, Gen'l Fr't & Pass'r Agt.,
945 Marquette, Mich.

GO TO

HAVENS & SON,

112 GRISWOLD ST., DETROIT,

For Guns and Sporting GOODS,

Breech Loading Guns
From $6.00 to $100.00 in Stock.
Excelsior Gun Cases
A SPECIALITY. 892

WHY

Will you grow prematurely old? From year's experience, Dr. J. L. Palmer is prepared to say that the regular and judicious use of his FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION prevents Premature Old Age by its influence over Herreditary or Constitutional diseases. It is valuable treatment for Rheumatism, either Chronic or Acute, Asthma, Sciatica, Tumors, either external or internal, Ulcers, Cancers, and all diseases having their origen in herreditary or constitutional causes. His prescription does not preclude internal remedies as it is externally administered under ALL circumstances. It is rapidly taken up by the absorbents and deposited in the veins, when it is attracted to the heart and conveyed to every part of the system, invigorating every nerve and land for new action.

Dr. J. L. PALMER,
935 Superior.
P. O. Address, Ypsilanti.

RICE'S

TEMPERANCE HOTEL

COR. CONGRESS AND BATES,
Detroit, Mich.
Rates $1 to $1.25 per day, Single Meals 30c Lodgings, 35 to 50 Cents.

We make a specialty of Dinner, and it is always ready at 11-30 sharp. Come early and be served promptly. 869

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co, Portland, Maine

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.
A perfect dressing, elegantly perfumed and harmless. Removes dandruff, restores natural color and prevents baldness
50 cents and $1 sizes at druggists.

FLORESTON COLOGNE.
An exquisitely fragrant perfume with exceptionally lasting properties.
25 and 75 cents.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

An Invigorating Medicine that Never Intoxicates

This delicious combination of Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia, and many other of the best vegetable remedies known, cures all disorders of the bowels, stomach, liver, kidneys and lungs, & is

The Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are suffering from Female Complaints, Nervousness, Wakefulness, Rheumatism Dyspepsia, age or any disease or infirmity, take Parker's Ginger Tonic. It will strengthen brain and body and give you new life and vigor.

100 DOLLARS

Paid for anything injurious found in **Ginger Tonic** or for a failure to help or cure.

50c. and $1 sizes at dealers in drugs. Large saving buying $1 Size. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., 163 Wm. St., N. Y.